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EDGAR:

A NATIONAL TALE.

By MISS APPLETON,

AUTHOR OF PRIVATE EDUCATION, &c.

God and my Right.

Edward III. King of England.

.. .. .. Man he made, and for him built,
Magnificent, this world, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounced; .. ..
Subjected to his service, angel-wings,
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthly charge.

Milton. Paradise Lost, b. ix.

To you a Father should be as a God,
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Shakespeare. Mids. Night's Dream.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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EDGAR.

BOOK VIII.

THE ACTION.

HORROR! thou eldest sister of Fear, how frightful is thine approach! Oh, touch me not, lest crawling worms drop from thy finger, and bristle up every pore of my flesh. Oh, haste away, that thy odious song buzz not in mine ear, that my brain beat not to madness, that my heart bound not so dreadful within my breast. How hateful art thou with all thine artifice to raise the ringlet, to dash backward the stream of life, to enchain the fine organ of speech, to force the orbs of vision from their beds. How doth it rejoice thy savage mind to hear the smothered scream, and the convulsive laugh, and to see the distorted limb, the severed jaws! Whilst thou,

thou, to increase the agony, beginnest to raise up the lantern to light imagination to a deeper picture. To the young mother, thou holdest by an arm, a little infant besmeared in its own brains. To the tender wife, a husband dashing from rock to rock, and at last his remains thou gatherest up in thy hand, and spreadest out every bit by turns. To the affectionate son, thou shewest a father clasping the briny wave for refreshment, and then leaping in madness to the shark's tooth. To the faithful friend, thou displayest a heart wallowing in black and treacherous blood. For every one, canst thou find an agonizing sight. Merciless being, and powerful as thou art, none can stem thy malice but Virtue with the torch of Piety!

The breast of Atheling still glowed with delight in the release of his friend, when the Marshal commanded him into his presence. His look was cold and changed; the fervour of the moment had passed, and he now feared the displeasure of his court, that he had not imprisoned both young nobles. He, notwithstanding, said with courtesy,

courtesy, "My lord, you will prepare instantly for your departure to the capital. The whole English army, with our unfortunate monarch, will pass near this town to-morrow. I dare not longer detain you. Yet, judge of my esteem, when a Marshal of France gives a captive reasons. But," added he, and put his hand to his breast, bending low, "this captive is his benefactor." "Name it not, my lord," proudly answered Atheling, "the benefit conferred upon me in the release of my friend, not only cancels every other obligation, but leaves me your debtor.—Sir, I am ready." Then the governor led him by the hand, and respectfully aiding him to mount the steed allotted him, gave him in charge to fifty men at arms, and two knights, to whom he entrusted letters to the Dauphin, and enjoining respect to the noble prisoner, bade him farewell.

The young chief hastened through Poictiers, and mounting a hill, looked back to a distance, and beheld the camp of the victorious English. "Beloved people, heaven bless you!—and thou too, my noble

Warwick—and my Prince." Quickly he turned away his head, for his great soul swelled high to nature and honour. But presently, at full speed, rode the band, for they too caught the distant sight, and were appalled in that which roused the pride and tenderness of Edgar.

The knights, humbled by the late disaster, scarce spoke on the journey; and Atheling regarded with indifference the fine country that smiled around him—so slightly do outward matters affect, when the mind is labouring with emotion. On the third evening, the little troop entered Paris, and one of the knights spurring before his charge, proceeded to the palace of the Bishop of Laon,[60] president of the council, with whom he found the Dauphin Charles, now Lieutenant of France, in the absence of his father. The letters were perused, and the captive was demanded.

Edgar, who stood without by his guard, now with modest firmness advanced, bowed, and waited in silence. Charles fixed his keen eye upon the chieftain, whose exploits had oft been sounded in his unwilling

willing presence. He contemplated his youthful stature, and then looking upon himself, his elder by two years, hesitated what to say, and glanced upon his minister.

" I," said the proud bishop, " I will interrogate the prisoner. Sir, please you to state your reasons for desiring an interview with the Dauphin."

The pure and lovely flakes of snow, pressed in the hand and dashed to earth, are vainly attempted to be dispersed; they cling together, they accumulate, they harden, they swell, with every fresh effort, and at length, present a dangerous and bulky mass: thus do they resent force, but caressed by onegenial beam, they sparkle, smile, weep and dissolve away in tenderness. So the gentle countenance of Atheling, ever sensible to kindness, now proudly swelled with disdain at the voice and manner of the president. " Sir," said he, " whatever be my reasons, consider them as addressed to the Dauphin," then turning to Charles, he continued thus :

" I had, Sir, a brave and generous friend, who, on a late occasion, ventured too far

in a pursuit; he was wounded in Poictiers, and lay dangerously ill; and as I feared for his life and thought an exchange not dishonourable to your interests, I proposed, entreated, and succeeded—judging, that as in such a case a peer of France might be allowed his ransom, that I also might obtain the like favour; for know, Sir, that I have parents of some honour in England; wherefore, you have but to name the sum, and I dare aver that in one month it shall be transmitted."

"By what title is your father known, Sir?" enquired the Dauphin. "He is," replied Edgar, "the Earl of Mercia, a title long since extinct, but revived in his family; and he is descended from the blood-royal of my country." As the young hero uttered these words, his anger subsided. The image of a beloved father, a tender mother, a happy home, rose on his imagination, and he cast his brilliant eye once more on the ground. Charles, inexperienced and undetermined, looked to his minister. Edgar saw not the motion; but he recollected that he had failed in respect

to

to a man of the church, and an elder—he stepped to him with modesty, and bending, said, "Reverend father, I have been taught to respect age and the heads of religion—I have spoken hastily—I have done wrong—I entreat you to pardon me; I am young and full of error. Father, forgive me." The haughty prelate coldly touched the hand that was extended, and rising, led the Dauphin into another chamber, where, having stayed a moment, he returned alone, and calling to his people, said to Atheling, "For the present, Sir, it is necessary that you retire to the castle; your matter shall be deliberated in council, and the result you shall hear." Atheling grew pale, and would have replied, but the guards opened the way as the bishop waved his hand, and Edgar pressed on all sides, advanced a step—but suddenly paused.—"Sirs, do not hurry me—where do I go?—where would you conduct me?" "To the prison!" answered gloomily one. "To prison?"—said Edgar, "ha! I am a captive! 'tis well; but may I not again see the Dauphin?—I have a word—but surely

faith, my honour, might have satisfied. Why doth the bishop condemn me?"

The assembled crowd gazed on Edgar at these imprudent words. "The bishop does well—he is our friend!" uttered a thousand voices.—"Who are you? are you a friend to the Dauphin? do you league with Navarre against us? are you then a Briton, not satisfied with taking the King of France, but you come to insult us in our capital?" Huge stones were instantly levelled at the head of Atheling, and fiercely he laid his hand upon his sword. The crowd waited for the first attack, the arm suspended—Atheling would have been crushed to atoms; death seemed to hover near him; but suddenly, a figure enveloped in dark robes broke forward, and leaning near him, whispered in English—"Sir, be prudent, and think upon Restormal Castle,"—and having said this much, it drew back, and was lost in the crowd.

The young colt fresh from pasture spurns the ground, and indignant at the restraints of man, breaks loose from him and rushes furiously towards an immense precipice—

as

as he flies, his ear suddenly catches the soft plaints of his mother—he stops, listens—sweeps the earth with his dejected mane, and suffers his pursuers to overtake and seize him. Down dropped the hand of Edgar—trembling he looked on every side. "People, I submit—lead me!" he cried; the sword returned to its sheath,—the crowd unbraced the arm—the guards hastened onward, passed the massy gates of iron, mounted the staircase, opened the door, made way for the captive, saw him totter to the straw bed, closed and locked the door—drew its heavy bolts, and departed.

Atheling sat mute; his eye fixed on the bare wall of his prison, lost in amazement at the events of the day. What was to be the issue of this proceeding—how long to be confined—how to procure an interview with the Dauphin, and to gain some knowledge of the strange figure that had accosted him, and saved his life. These, with thoughts of his prince, his country, his friends, rushed confused to his mind, and fluttering to his bosom swelled it with

silent passions whilst he himself remained motionless. So Nature when she would ride in a storm, first snatches from the coast a huge torpedo,[61] and hastening round, touches the air, the tree, the wave, and beckoning to the frightened cloud, commands it to lean heavy on the bird's wing, that it may strive in vain to rise. A dreadful stillness reigns; she herself stops the breath and shudders in her own work. But presently casting away the benumbing power, she strikes, first, the heavens—they open—the electric fluid tears through the apertures, strikes its forky terrors, and drags after it a tremendous crash of roaring thunders, which bellow through the whole concave and echo to earth's foundation. Then the air is restored, and now rage the furious hurricanes, dragging up forests, overthrowing rocks, amassing pillars of sand within their whirl. Nature lastly reanimates the wave, and the gasping animal, and looking terror, commands every creature to join the strife. The tree whose top grazed the cloud, now dashes its head against the earth, drags off its

its own arms, and plucks from its own side the leafy offspring. The wave rolls its mad surge in mountains, and bursts into a dreadful roar, swallowing and sinking to its deepest valley, every object within the deadly grasp. The animal with eyeball glaring red, and starting from its socket, with hair crisping backward, curdled blood, and clammy jaw, now leaps upon the chasm which opens under his hoof, and now scours the howling plain to kick at the lightning, which dries up at a flash the aching sight, and transplants in the skull two hot cinders!

Atheling sat immoveable, till the bolts drew back, and a man with a taper advanced and setting it on the ground, stepped back and brought in bread, some fruit, and water. And now he would have retired, but Edgar roused to madness, darted upon him and furiously cried—"for what is all this preparation? am I to be shut in here for life? may I not see the Dauphin? may I never be ransomed? what is my crime, that I am treated as a criminal? Speak—nay, kill me—I will

be heard—is this the manner of England towards her noblest captives? Strike—enchain, buffet me—speak I will—what captives have you in this horrid place, and what time must I remain?—why would not my word of honour suffice?—why, I say, am I treated as a criminal?"

The man at first terrified, now levelled his strength at the prisoner—the helmet bounded from his head, and rolled off. Edgar again touched his sword, but his adversary was unarmed: he saw and hesitated — whilst the guard perceiving the generous struggle, aimed another blow which laid him senseless on the stone pavement.

Fearing for his life, the man bent over him and saw that he breathed; when clearing away the blood that streamed from the captive's forehead, he hastily girt the wound with a strip of leather which he drew from his belt, and then seizing the sword retired.

It was midnight ere Atheling began to revive from his stupor. During a few moments he tried to recollect where and what

was

was his situation; but on touching his head that felt cold and stiff, he discovered the bandage; and the throbbing pain that followed, brought back a recollection of the past scene. Weak, cold, exhausted, he with difficulty raised himself—the taper was extinguished; but a friendly beam from the lovely evening star and the waning crescent of the skies, gleamed upon his pallid cheek. Trembling he groped to the iron grating—the casement stood open, he leaned on the shelving edge, and mournful watched the sweet aspect of nature. "Oh nature, nature!" said he, "ever changing, yet ever consistent and true, how unlike to thee is man who in every variety strays a step further from the great designs of his Creator. Every day that is added to my number brings with it some new perplexity, some fresh cause to disgust myself. How few are my actions that rejoice me to look, within this year that I have quitted my home—thou dear home, sweet scene of my infancy, when I used to pace thy haunts, I knew every shrub, every tree! O my father, my beloved mother,

ther, I see thee at thy chapel as we parted—at my first separation I would say—our separation? How did I quit her—I, who heard her scream at my voice, and saw her rush towards me, and I dared not embrace her!—and mine the fault—mine the error — mine the uneasiness — alas! Edgar, and hast thou not undone thyself by thy rash impetuosity, and steeled the heart of all, of all thine enemies against thee? Art thou not, perhaps, shut in for thine existence?—existence? but what? the life of man is not so long; the planet runs his course around his sun, and then begins again. But man like a taper, accepts his being, throws about him his little uncertain light, a whiff comes, and he is gone! What matter then, his poor miseries, they must end; and, perhaps, Lord, as evil cannot spring from thee, thou permittest misfortunes to fall indiscriminately on mankind, considering them as small objects, and beneath thy high interference, for who is exempt from trouble? But how often do our misfortunes originate in ourselves, our imprudence, or ill conduct

duct—how often has my father taught me to think thus. My father! who trained me with such care—me, who so often offend—O heaven; I am sick of myself." Thus saying, Edgar returned to the mattrass, and bending over his knee hid his face, whilst his soul was drowned in grief.

But Sleep which sheds no sweet influence over the pillow of crimes, forsook not the self-accusing Atheling. In the attitude of despondence, immersed in the high tower of a state prison, surrounded by enemies, and resting on straw, none of these prevented the beauteous shades of youth from tending their beloved prince, and relaxing his lip into a smile, whilst his pure bosom heaved to the tranquil stroke of innocence and peace.

At the dawn as was his habit, he awoke, refreshed and placid; and having poured forth his soul to his Maker, received the guard, who cautiously unbolted the entrance and stood armed, with a smile, and extending his hand made apology for the violence of the preceding day. The man replied with cold gravity. Whereupon, Edgar

Edgar answered, " I beseech you, Sir, mistrust me not; I am mindful of my word, and will you but reveal to me the orders you have, provided you are not bound to secrecy, I never will betray you, and will hold myself for ever obliged. Surely I may hope to have my ransom accepted?" The man hesitated. " But, say then," cried Edgar, " whether others are confined in this place, and whether captives from its walls have any hope of appeal to the king? This in truth is all I wished to ask of you yesterday." Edgar anxiously waited—but he waited in vain; for the man replied not, and was leaving the chamber, when the Prince flung himself on his knee, and holding him, cried, " O! Sir, if you have a father, if you know what is the blessing of home; if you love your country; if you have ever earned the glory of a soldier; if you ever had the dread of breathing out a sad existence in a foreign prison, answer me."

The man stopped. " What do you desire to know?" said he, " whether there be prisoners in this castle?" " I answer, yes: "

yes :" " Whether captives from its walls may appeal to the king ?" " We have no king ; did not your army seize his person, and may he not ere this, be on his passage for your hated soil. As for the rest, the Bishop governs here, and he is, be certain, your enemy." Thus saying, the guard shut the grating door and descended.

Atheling caught the sentence as it fell like a thunderbolt on his ear. Amazed, he tried to collect himself from the mass of floating images that distracted his mind. One violent effort he made ; despair quickly sank, and hope, arrayed in smiles, by degrees rose, till she stood uppermost. Thus the branch is cast into the pool, and plunging downward, stirs up numerous particles of soft clay, till the tumult spent ceases, and the drops refine as the branch swims beautiful on the gentle wave. O generous and compassionate Providence ! when man knoweth not his calamity, but only apprehends it, his heart sinks with dismay, and fear trembles in his eye : but when misery hugs him close, and misfortune shews

shews him her worst, then heavenly Hope, thy best gift, swims in his breast, and raises in his eager fancy a thousand endearments to smother his cares and give a transient oblivion of his ills.

" What folly," in me, reasoned Edgar, " to depend upon the information of the lowest officer in the service of his court! How should he tell the duration of my captivity? Other prisoners he may tend, but how can he measure the indignation of the Bishop against me—a bishop whom I have never injured, but to whom I failed only in respect, for which I entreated pardon. Surely such a fault cannot merit the punishment of a crime. And my being a prisoner by the chances of war, is no plea for unmerited suffering. Have we, have the English ever provoked them by insult, to retaliate on their captives? Even enemies admire the grandeur and generosity of our king and his noble son. Surely, then, I may be heard—I shall be released—I shall be ransomed, and I will wait with patience. I will question the guard

guard no more ; I will have none of his gloomy tidings ; he is austere, and perhaps would curb my precipitance."

Thus reassured, Atheling unbound his forehead, and bathed it with water, of which he had a fresh supply ; and after the ablution, made a slight repast of the homely provision. But now, ever habituated to active exertion, he pined after employment. The immense height of his casement from the ground, afforded but a prospect of a dark and distant forest. During some hours he leaned forward to number the changes of the cloud, and to trace the shades of foliage on the spreading trees—and even thus amused, imagination had been plotting interviews with his family and his friend—that generous friend for whom—and he blushed as the idea stole over his mind,—for whom he endured captivity. Tired at length, he moved away from the scene. "Oh that I had some employ," cried he—"I who was never permitted a moment of indolence, how shall I bear, perhaps days of complete inaction?" As he spoke, he unbraced the coat of mail from his

his body, and eagerly began to rub its bright surface, into a brighter polish. How great was his joy, to discover in the little case on one of its sides, his ivory tablets, and a strip of lead which he had used but the day before the battle of Poictiers, in noting down the commands of the Earl of Warwick—his eye sparkled in the sight, and clearing the surface he thus wrote:

I.

Creation marks the kindred space,
And points to all the fitter place:
Air, soil and wave, the law fulfil,
But man alone rebels in will.

II.

The slip strikes down its tender root;
And upward tow'rs the spreading shoot,
Torn from the only spot it knows,
No more it thrives, no more it blows.

III.

The dog which leads the outcast blind,
Strains for his charge his little mind;
Licks the old hand that pats his head,
And proudly guards the loathsome bed.

IV.

Of all domestic feath'ry train,
The monarch hails each morn again;
Unseemly hills his day employ,
The cobweb thatch his night's priz'd joy:

V. Unlike

V.

Unlike to man! of varied pace,
Who heeds nor time, nor good, nor place,
His far-sought hopes in distance roam,
His motion rest—the world his home.

VI.

The sport of passion's captious will,
He headstrong braves; now frets at ill—
At eve he swells in rounds of mirth,
The dawn—he mourn'd his wretched birth;

VII.

When most he longs to scour the plain,
His duty backward draws the chain;
When duty whispers he should fly,
Clogg'd is the foot, and shut the eye;

VIII.

Brutes beyond earth have nought to prize,
But restless man has other ties:
Let him then certain good pursue,
For death is fix'd—and heaven is true.

Thus passed the first days of Edgar's captivity—he hoped—he lived. Every morning he saw the guard, and he endeavoured to soften him by his gentleness; but he was ever silent and thoughtful. The hero petitioned for his sword, which he missed—it was returned. He begged an old lute, in which, for a large diamond stud,

stud, the man indulged him; and now, he amused himself, in tuning and touching the string, and endeavoured to chase away mournful thoughts, that rush to the mind in the grave hour of solitude. Still he clung to hope, till the season of winter had flown over his head, and that spring had far advanced in her lovely progress. But now that Edgar had seen nearly a year of imprisonment, and had received no message, no encouragement, his spirit fell. The lovely bloom of nature flitted away from her proudest work. The beautiful eye of Atheling shone with faint lustre; lassitude crept over his limb, and he sat for hours absorbed in distractions. He heeded not the entry or departure of the attendant, and often forgot during the whole day to touch his food. So the tender branch of the sweet brier throwing around it delight and fragrance, is plucked from its kindred, and pent up in the gloomy vase; long it imbibes the fluid nourishment, and continues fresh, strong, and charming; but at length bending under its own efforts, and unable

unable to strive with nature, it fades, pines, and droops the head towards decay.

Atheling was conscious of the change in himself, and expecting dissolution, resolved to meet it with dignity. He ran over the past moments of his life, and fervently implored forgiveness for every error which his humility magnified into a sin. How fleet is time, said he; I might have lived in my own country, during a few more short years; but should I not have to lament fresh sins, and more heinous offences than I now have? As it is, I am taken less gloriously than my kind Alfred; but, and I have reason to be thankful, with more time allowed me to prepare for the lot of mortality. It is a solemn event to meet by such slow degrees; but the soul of man ever restless, shews him perpetually, that it is not at ease in its earthly habitation; that it longs to burst the stay that hinders it from fleeing away to everlasting rest. Oh, my soul, beat not thy wing against my breast, thou shalt be released, but only at the command of thy Creator; be patient, and spare my weak frame of dust which is

awed

awed in the prospect of going to that place from whence none return. But a short, a very short time, a few days, and thou, my spirit, shall ascend with humble hope to the God from whose breath thou art. The sun draws the drop from the ocean, and suspends it for awhile; then he suffers it to fall with rapture, and to mingle again with ecstacy among its great original—so my soul came from God, and to my God it shall ascend. Peace then, immortal part of me, and let me rend, one by one, the ties that still hold me to earth. O, my country—my family—my friend—how dear are ye—how do the affections of departing man float around him! How sweet must it be for a dear hand to close the eye; or how soft to breathe out one's last, long farewell in the ear of affection!

Here, Edgar, fainting with weakness, tottered back, and fell upon his lowly bed.

At the same instant the door opened, and the guard advanced, shewing in with respect a stranger, in age of six and twenty, of courteous aspect, and noble manners; then

then upon a sign he retired, leaving him, and bolting the door, according to his custom.

The guest started at the sight of Edgar, on whose features sat cold drops of dew, on whose cheek flashed a pink glow, in the appearance of a man whose eye looked pity. "Pardon the intrusion, Sir," cried the stranger, "my means are small, but I would readily employ them in your service."—"Noble stranger," returned Atheling, "believe me, I am grateful; but my wants are now few on earth—I have but one wish;—pardon me, I would rise to express my sense of this goodness."—"Hold, my lord," interrupted the other, "I beseech you talk not thus: you must live—you must live and hope. Permit not yourself to be thus cast down; know, Sir, that I, too, am your fellow prisoner. My apartment is directly under yours; often have I listened to your sweet minstrelsy—but lately I have heard it not, and enquiring the cause, learned that you were ill. By caresses, and the exertion of some little power over the guard, I have obtained the

favour of this visit, which I will daily renew till I regain my liberty, when I ensure you your's. Cheer, then, Sir; expect happier times—the hour is not distant—rely upon me—be assured I deceive you not; and since, as the soldier declares, you are a high noble of England, do not, for shame, give your life away to your enemies; rather keep it to perplex them now and to punish them on a future occasion. As for me, I eat, rest, and smile, in despite of them. I have been twice your time a prisoner, yet, as you see, I am alive."

Edgar, cheered and re-animated by the voice of kindness, smiled and bowed. When he raised his eye to his new friend he saw that he was dressed with negligence; his air was in disorder, but the fire of his gaze, and his commanding air, shewed him of proud and lofty birth; and when Atheling replied with respectful confidence, and addressed him as a peer, the guest received the honour with pleasure and as his privilege. "Since you are resolved that I must be of noble descent," said the stranger, "address me as the Lord Robert; it is the name

name of one I love."—"And I, too, my lord, had a friend whom I adored of that name; judge if I revere it."—"Whom might be that friend?" asked the stranger. Edgar instantly, and delighted, began to expatiate on the virtues and family of de Clifford; but the vivacity with which he spoke, violently shook him, and he suddenly stopped, turned pale, and leaned his head on his breast. The stranger looked with great concern, and pressed Edgar to take nourishment which was by, and he complied with reluctance. Presently after, the guard entered, and the captives separated with mutual professions of regard.

The day following the Lord Robert was again admitted; the door was fastened, and Atheling with difficulty rose to meet him. What was his surprize! The noble captive led by the hand a young female, handsomely attired. "My sister, Isabella, who is permitted to visit me, has heard much of the British chief, and desires his friendship," said he. Edgar profoundly bowed to the lady—modest and diffident by nature, now languid by illness, he twice essayed to thank

her, but his voice failed, and his long and dark lash drooped over his eye as he bent it to the ground. The stranger made excuses for him, and gently urging him to indulge on the pallet, took his station on the window-seat, and placed the lady by him. And now with sprightliness and ease the guest began a conversation, leaning towards subjects of interest to Edgar: his King, country, government, his family, connexions, and other matters, upon which Atheling spoke delighted, but with less warmth than before, as he was restrained by the presence of the lady. At length she uttered a few words, and Edgar dared to steal one look at her countenance. She was in first youth, and mild in appearance; but besides these, possessed no beauty or attraction. He looked upon her features—he heard her speak, yet with no sentiment but gratitude. Not so the Lady Isabella; she beheld with emotion the highest perfection of man, even in the disguise of sickness; she saw his candid soul breathe round his lip, his pure flush of sensibility rise and vanish from his cheek, and his dark azure eye

beam

beam with a transient fire and tenderness, as England was named. What a heart, thought she, flutters in that bosom! how delicate, how graceful, how tender the love of such a man. Yet he looks as if he never were yet sensible to the smile of a woman! Ah me! how lovely must be the maid that should touch his heart! Thus thought the lady as she softly sighed.

The Lord Robert had brought for his new friend some fine wine which he urged him to taste, and declared he would apply for leave to walk the castle ramparts, and petition for the same favour for Edgar. The guard then entered, and the pair withdrew, taking with them the warm gratitude of the young captive.

Atheling's health seemed to revive by the gracious efforts of his friend. He amused himself in recollecting every particular of the conversation, and could not refrain from admiring the insinuating eloquence of the noble. How much does he know of me, and how little do I of him: thought Edgar; he has a manner of questioning, which I cannot but consider grace-

ful, yet methinks I should be confused and abashed in returning such inquiries : but I am young and of no experience ; doubtless he hath seen much of life. Perhaps he thinks me too loquacious, and smiles in my ready speech concerning my country and my friends. I will be more reserved, for I would secure his esteem.

The following day, Edgar preserved longer silence. The stranger instantly observed and was disappointed, and with gentleness urged a cause for the reserve. Then Atheling re-assured again, fell to the openness of heart which innocence herself had taught him. Thus the little unsuspecting moth stretches forth to grasp the curling flame, and till it is actually scorched, will not listen to prudence, who would teach it to pause in grasping a new friend, lest he prove an enemy.

The permission was granted ; and the Lady Isabella, the companion of the two prisoners, regularly visited the ramparts. Edgar's vivacity and strength returned. Hopes of release were continually enlivened by the Lord Robert, who appeared to gain

gain intelligence of all that was passing. And now he dared to think he should soon touch his native shores. Still time rolled on; and he dated his acquaintance with the illustrious strangers three months back.

But on a sudden there seemed a vast change in the prison. The guard occasionally muttered to himself. The Lord Robert appeared to hold private conference and signs with him, and some portentous event seemed to hover near. The lady's cheek turned often to a pallid hue: she sighed, and for several days forbore to enter the apartment of Atheling.

One evening as Edgar revolved in his wondering mind these extraordinary matters, the Lord Robert, enveloped in a capacious mantle, entered with his sister. The lady was dressed with magnificence; jewels sparkled on her bosom, and a tiara of diamonds blazed round her head, yet in her modest eye stood tears. Edgar with astonishment rose, and respectfully touching her extended hand, led her to the seat. The noble stranger then hesitated; his countenance changed, and with some confusion he thus addressed Edgar:

"My lord, I have seen you prepared for events: I, who can read every turn of your expressive countenance, have observed your perplexity. Time is big with change and prodigy. They now burst over your head—it is now no moment for disguise; Paris is in uproar; the Dauphin has acted unadvisedly: the people are desperate: I am free. This lady loves you; she can bestow liberty; marry her: her portion is immense: but first swear fidelity to me," said he, lowering his voice. He paused—he approached near—he whispered:—"I have deep designs; designs even sure of success upon the Dauphin: his very existence....He is your foe....There is honour, my lord,..... I, ..." He stopped.

Edgar leaned against the wall; his eye glared wide: with mouth extended, he gulped; strove for breath; his lip dried like the parched soil under a vertical sun. His limbs recoiled. So looks the man when he hears that the dog he has cherished, and that has just drawn his blood, is raging in madness. The stranger perceived the shock,

and

and stepping back, threw off the cloak and unbound his head. " Behold !" said he, proudly, "behold Charles King of Navarre![62] Yonder stands my sister-in-law, the Princess Isabella of France.[63] I leave you to consider my offers. A princess and freedom : honour, power, glory and riches ; or, captivity and the hatred of a king, and that king, a Charles." The monarch then gathered up his robes of ermine, which glittered with jewels, and tossed his diadem'd head. He was leading forth the weeping Princess, when Edgar springing forward, cried, " Enough, O king ! give me captivity and virtue," and fell down at his feet.

Charles started—he looked confounded. " Is there then," said he, slowly, " a God to inspire such sentiments, to teach such firm resolve ?" He turned away— " One night," said he aloud, " one night I give you to reflect. Come, madam ;"— but the Princess knelt down, and grasping the hand of Edgar, softly murmured, " Oh, Sir—spare my brother, the Dauphin, for I dread the King of Navarre : forget a

poor maid who has given her esteem to the noblest of men. For alas! I cannot deny this truth: yet, if aught be in the whisper of the King against my brother's safety, never, never shall Isabella know a gleam of happiness." "Great Princess," answered Atheling, "though the generosity and pity you have had for me, are imprinted for ever on my heart, and though my soul adores your virtues, yet on such terms, would union draw down on my head a thunderbolt from heaven. No, madam, your brother's person is with me safe and sacred as the babe to the tenderest mother. Not to be monarch of the proudest empire under the sun would I join against him, excepting in the field, face to face, in the midst of day, and witnessed by thousands on either side."

Charles of Navarre now hastily called the lady, and she wept her reply, as Edgar took her hand and led her on. Mournfully she suffered herself to be drawn away; but she turned back to give one look at Edgar as the door closed upon him. He knelt and stretched his arms, as if to give her assurance

assurance of his virtue. The firm look that told her her brother was secure from any attempt of his, reminded Isabella of Navarre's anger, and her own separation from the man she loved. Giddiness whirled her brain; the door was fastened; the Lord de Pecquigny[64] darted forward to save her, and she fell into his arms.

How many emotions now swelled the tide in Edgar's vein! He proudly rose from the ground and paced his chamber, glowing once more in the satisfaction of duty. But how did wonder rise as he thought upon the discovery of the King: that perfidious King who had already broken so many treaties, leagued with so many princes, enchanted so many unwary hearts by his noble insinuating manners—and yet, whose faith all but a capricious mob, had learned now to despise. And in what intimacy too had he lived with this king as a fellow prisoner! But Atheling banished the ungracious subject from his mind, to recollect the young and innocent princess who had wept on his hand: he remembered, and he blushed in the gentle caress and

soft words of the maid who owned she loved him. He blushed, for he was diffident, and knew not his own manly graces. But though Edgar was softened by gratitude, he as yet, was a stranger to the tenderness of love. "Be happy, gentle Princess," said he, "be happy with a being who is more suited to adorn a court than I am. Misfortunes seem to cloud over my days, and my heart is not light enough to smile on a bride. I love, if it were permitted me to choose, the sweet haunts of nature in my own country, surrounded by my friends, if alas! any are left me!"

Here Atheling was startled by shouts that echoed round to the high turrets in which he was confined: he listened; again were they repeated. Anxiously he expected the guard with the evening supply: at last the moment arrived. What pleasure! the gloomy centinel no longer attended, and an aged veteran appeared in his stead. Edgar smiling, advanced; and relieving him of the charge, said, "Friend, might one inquire the meaning of the shouts which ascended to these prison heights some moments

ments since?"—"Ah, sir," replied the man, "'twas the populace saluting Charles of Navarre, who has been visiting the Dauphin, and haranguing the people;* he has opened prisons, and crimes are now stalking in the streets. You are, sir, doubtless, no friend to Charles, or you would be free." Prudence was not the virtue of Edgar, yet he now refrained from reply, and merely bent his thanks for the information. The old guard was inclined to stay, but Atheling, absorbed in thought, heeded him not, and soon he was left alone.

In a few days, a small billet was sent to Edgar: he read the offers, the threats, the promises of King Charles, and he shuddered: he would have returned the paper,[65] but he recollected that kings, even bad kings, are to be treated with some indulgence; he waited. A messenger stood before him for an answer, he looked up and bowed to sacerdotal robes; he looked higher, and started back—the Bishop of Laon was the man! "You! reverend father! you against the Dauphin?" cried he. "Insolent!"

* Millot, Histoire de France.

solent!" retorted the Prelate, his eye flashing anger; "I am come from the King, who makes you these great offers; do you, or do you not reject them?"—"Father," said Atheling, with respect, "in the field I would oppose the enemies of my country; but my soul abhors the hand that could strike the defenceless. I detest a faction, and I despise a people who can dare to rise in arms against the man they consider a lawful prince. Father, if his monarch err, 'tis not for man to lift his hand, and wet it in blood that should be more sacred to him than that of the being from whose loins he sprang. Kings only, in the open field, may draw the sword against kings, and the Great God of Heaven looks down from His high place and giveth the victory! But privately! without notice, embracing with one hand, with the other to arrange a plot! —as a thief—a murderer—in cold blood! —a relation—a brother and prince—a .... Sir, my soul abhors the treason; I would not charge my conscience with such deeds even in meditation. I beseech you, take my answer, and quickly."

The

The President of the Council stamped with his foot; his visage waxed red and pale; his lip quivered; shame choked his utterance. Atheling gazed for an instant, and covered his eye to shield the dreadful sight. The guilty man, enraged beyond measure at the act, rushed towards Edgar, and lifted his arm to strike. Atheling respectfully arrested it, and kneeling before him, cried with earnestness, "Oh, father! remember, I charge thee, in whose presence thou standest. Art thou not a pillar of the church, a teacher of divine precepts? Have not lessons of piety dropped from thy lip, and have not the young, the lovely, and the innocent, smiled upon thee for a blessing? Hast thou expounded the beautiful doctrines of a Redeemer in whom was no guile, and hast thou thyself never felt their sweet influence extend to thy bosom? He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—did His grief for the sins of men never subdue thy soul? Surely, oh, father! —thou dost weep—heaven will yet bless thee—I see thou wilt be merciful to others, and

and heaven shall yet have mercy upon thee."

The Bishop, humbled to the very earth, turned away his head, and smote his breast —"Oh, Virtue!" he cried, and precipitately quitted the chamber: Edgar, deeply agitated, leaned on the casement. Another step paced the apartment: he judged it to be the guard, and observed not; but a deep tone uttered, "Lord Edgar, how fares it with you?" The voice was not altogether strange, and Atheling quickly turning, saw a figure wrapped in coarse weeds with a scrip and staff; he replied, "Thanks, friend, whence come ye?"—"Poor mistrustful world!" said the pilgrim, and shook his grey locks. "What, sir, have you too much proud blood to acknowledge mine acquaintance? Have ye then forgotten the shipwrecked pilgrim and Restormal Castle? but I go; I am not welcome."—"Not welcome! Restormal Castle!—the good Palmer!" burst from the lip of Edgar; he rushed to him, flung his arm round his neck, and cried, "Not welcome! oh, by heaven and earth, by thy dearest

dearest hopes, kind pilgrim, I conjure thee, stay but a little moment. Restormal Castle, sayest thou?—what of my home?—oh, let me embrace thee—from England? Generous, generous friend! give me thy burthen; let me place thee on the seat, and unbind thy sandals—from Restormal Castle?—oh, speak, good pilgrim, and tell me all—oh, speak!"

The soft dove guards the young, whilst the tender mate flies abroad to seek for food. The hour of his return passes by—the little ones chirp for nourishment—another hour flies; strong beats the heart of the mother bird as she listens—a wing flaps the air—hope, joy, and life, or misery and dreadful horrors are to be her portion; her beak is divided in the conflict—the eye starts—the quivering pinion balances—the neck is stretched—the foot curdles to ice..

So hung Edgar, dubious on the pilgrim's word. "Moderate these transports, young man," said he, coldly. "Six months ago I saw your parents in the gardens of Restormal—both well—yet I spoke not to either."—"Enough," exclaimed Edgar, "enough.

" enough. May angels light around your soul in the hour of agony, and return you the bliss you now give me," and, overcome by emotion, tears of delight sprang from his eye. The Palmer crossed his arms, and waited a few moments; then he said, " I too, sir, have had a day and a soul for transport—but those are fled—I am now a poor isolated wretch, neither loving nor beloved by aught on earth." —" Say not thus, good pilgrim," cried Atheling, " 'twould be too great misery to bear; for what is life without affection? What is joy, if we have no one with whom to share it?"—A faint smile relaxed the pilgrim's lip—" ah yes—I know all," said he, " I know all these arguments; 'tis wondrous well to talk of joy to an old man —happiness! 'tis a shade—a ghost—a will o'th'wisp—but I go."—" Nay, I conjure you, kind friend," said Edgar, " do not so soon leave me—if you but knew how tedious pass the hours of captivity—how slow, how comfortless—without one cheering voice—yet once I had company!—Friend, how didst thou venture within these

these walls?—knowest thou aught of Charles?"—

"Of the Dauphin Charles?" replied the pilgrim, "he hath been forced to receive his brother-in-law the King of Navarre: all Paris is inveterate against him, and 'tis thought he must flee from the city. For me, thou wouldst know how I gained admission? I had long an acquaintance with this soldier when he was my prisoner."—"Your prisoner?" interrupted Edgar.—"Aye sir," answered the pilgrim: "'tis not worth explanation. Once in my life I bore arms in a battle, and this man fell to me, and now he pretends to be grateful for some office I did him, and he allows me to see you. 'Twas in vain that I craved so much two years since, for your ill-favoured centinel denied me."—"How! generous pilgrim," exclaimed Edgar, "were you in Paris when I was first immured within these walls? excuse my anxiety, but I cannot help the thought that I owe my life to a few words from you; I feel assured that the voice was your's."—"It might be so," answered the other; "and what then?"

then?"—"What!" interrupted Atheling, "what, O stranger! is it nothing to owe my life, my honour to you, Sir?" and he grasped his hand; "you endeavour but vainly to throw on your actions an air of apathy and indifference—a generous heart inhabits that breast, of noble descent—who are you, Sir, that thus take so humane and delicate a concern in my fate? Tell me your lofty name, that I may write it in imperishable characters within my memory."

The pilgrim struggled to conceal the different changes of passion, as they worked his features—his hand trembled for a moment within that of Edgar, but soon he recovered—his dark brow took its deep contraction—his eye resumed its keen side-glance, and his arm fell with measured humility by his side; he thus answered to the question: "my lord, or, if you will have it so, my friend, I will not dissemble, nor shall you be deceived. My birth ranks me only among gentlemen of the principality of Wales; my history is short, unimportant, and wretched—aye, 'tis....My

name

name is Leolf—and remember, when thou thinkest on it, that happiness and Leolf are enemies. Ties I have none—thus I tread the earth a wanderer—but enough... Perchance I felt some interest in you at Restormal Castle—some secret working—some invisible power drew—I know not what—I care not—but to me, an old foot-pad o'the world, thy character was amusing. On my way from Rome, two years since, I passed unnoticed in wretchedness and weeds through Paris. I saw and recognized you; I owed you some remembrance for your hospitality at Restormal, and I whispered prudence in your ear—thus in all the matter is no mystery, no wonder, no favour. Since I could not gain access to you, I lingered some months in the city, and then crossed the Channel, passed through England, finished my task, and again set forward to pace my solitary rounds."

"Dear Sir," replied Atheling, respectfully. "I owe you my life: would to heaven I might give you comfort;—but, perhaps, kind pilgrim, you may chase away many

many a month of care under our roof, under the roof of friends that will tenderly love you for your misfortunes and your goodness to Edgar. Tell me, Sir, did you hear my father's voice, or a word from my mother? How camest thou so near Restormal, or was that another kind act of thine to.....?"

"Have I not told thee," said the pilgrim with peevishness, "that I heard neither speak? but this is the way with man. You doubted your parents' life six months since—I tell you they are well—you were just now in transports—now are you dissatisfied that I heard them not speak. What an unconscionable being is man!"

Edgar blushed at the reproof; but he pitied the unhappy wanderer and was silent. Again the pilgrim frowned; "speak," said he, "of what art thou afraid? Do I presume too much, that thou art silent?" "Nay, Sir," answered Atheling surprized, "I feared only to be troublesome in my questions." "Ask on, Sir," cried the pilgrim. "Since you permit me," replied Atheling, "is Edward, Prince of Wales,

in

in Bourdeaux, or is he in England? and what said my country on the news of a captive king?"

"England," resumed the pilgrim, "was mad with exultation in the success of her Prince. King Edward commanded* public thanksgivings for ten days after the news, and when some months afterwards the Duke of Aquitain landed with King John, his son Philip, and the nobles of France, the rejoicings were doubly great. That Prince of England's idolatry is truly generous—he entered London on a small black palfrey, whilst the royal captive was mounted on a fierce white charger as an emblem of royalty."

At these words, Edgar started up with delight, and said, "how like to Edward, how consistent with his magnanimous soul. Oh, Sir, lived there ever a nobler prince, a better man! but tell me only this—is John still in England?" "There are," said the pilgrim, "now in London, four Kings,† of whom John de Valois is one; but

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince. † Rapin. Speed.

but this John must shortly return to these realms, or the Duke of Aquitain must establish himself here to preserve his acquirements; for the truce of two years is now expiring. I know not what treaty is on foot, nor of public news can I tell you more. My heart is indifferent and cold to the passing events; you are warm and sanguine. My woes are tough girt round memory; yours are still green and supple; the branch has not yet blossomed. But hark! the centinel knocks thrice—the time is expired, I go."

"May I not see you once again? I beseech you, good pilgrim, desert me not," said Atheling. "Dost thou," enquired he, "really wish for my return?" "Yes, most earnestly I do, good pilgrim." "What! by heaven?" asked the wanderer, fixing his earnest eye. "Why this question, friend?" said Edgar, "I scorn an untruth; yes, by heaven." "'Tis well," returned Leolf, and departed.

Edgar long pondered in his mind the extraordinary ways of his new companion. Is it then, he thought, the nature of misfortune

fortune and calamity to render man so morose, so gloomy? Affliction humbles the soul—he is humble to appearance, but he assumes an air over me, which is not that of humility. But alas! the suffering merit our pity; how soon may it be our turn to mourn, and then all may be changed too with us; for as I have heard it said at home, how little may we calculate for ourselves in the hours of deep adversity or high prosperity!

Three more days fled away; and the pilgrim stood again in Edgar's chamber. "I fear for thy life," said he; "the Dauphin* must flee the capital. Charles of Navarre will assuredly wreak his vengeance on those he imprisons. Wilt thou escape? Speak." "Liberty and life," gravely returned Atheling, "are dear; but honour is dearer. Consistent with honour, can I escape? Thou knowest, Sir, that I am a prisoner of war. My word is not passed, but who may not forget this; speak, Sir, say the means for liberty with honour."

* Histoire de France.

The pilgrim burst into a fit of laughter upon these words, and then he drooped his head, and bitterly sighed. Atheling amazed, looked at him and said, "what ails you, Sir?" "Oh, 'tis nothing, my lord," answered Leolf; "a little worm crawled on my breast and tickled me, I laughed—it stung me, I weep. How can I tell thee, Edgar, what I feel? I know it not myself—except that I loathe mine own existence, aye, and all mankind too—hearest thou that? but why I smile, why I weep, dost thou ask? Who of mortals thinkest thou, my son, that has lived sixty wretched years, shall well sift his feeling of the past and present, and explain why he shudders,—wherefore cold dew damps his brow—why his knee totters to one recollection and stands firm to another?—perhaps, the friends he bound within his heart-strings are shrunk away to air—or the pursuits he loved, are beyond the grasp of age—or the embers of youth's fire and enthusiasm, it may be, are plashed by a cold chilling deluge which drowns even virtue in its flood; and at best, that fine prospect of

of life, which was stretched by young hopes on smiling pinions before him, is changed to dark reality, where not a gleam flits to light the way; and yet sayest thou, old man, what aileth thee?" "Friend," answered Edgar, "I meant not to wound your soul. I pity such griefs and would rejoice to blunt their edge." "Oh, pity me not, my lord," answered Leolf; "I hate the pity of man—I pity not myself, I live mine own abhorrence. I am sick of life and the world, I loathe it as the sweet-mouthed lamb loathes the fat slime of the long earth-worm, which his jaw has crushed between two young blades of grass."

Leolf suddenly paused. "Hark!" said he, "what speech! what voice!—hush!"—Edgar listened. Mutterings were heard on the staircase. "I am betrayed," said the pilgrim, and started, "but no matter." The door immediately opened. A man in a long cloak advanced to Atheling, he perceived Leolf, and whispered—"is it a friend, may I speak?" "You may, Sir;" replied Atheling. "Recognize in me,

then, young warriour, the Dauphin of France. I flee my capital this night; but ere I leave it, I will acknowledge my debt of generosity. Isabella, my sister, hath revealed to me sufficient to shew your nobleness of mind—your virtue. The Bishop of Laon has been most your enemy, for with me, your faith of a soldier should have sufficed; but he would not so have it. Give me then your word, the word of a chief on the honour of his country, that you will not set foot in England for three years; that you will not draw the sword against any part of the realms of France during that time, and you are free."

"Prince," said Atheling, "the conditions are severe. I could have thought—" "Hold, Sir;" interrupted the Dauphin; "I feel I am unjust—yet how should I act otherwise? Can I release you, and give you back to England and her court with all your knowledge of our affairs, after having lived in intimacy with the treacherous King of Navarre? Shall I thus betray my country? No; freedom is your's, but upon the conditions named. Take or

leave

leave it—my conscience is acquitted; but, remember, I answer not for your life in the hands of Charles. "And, Sir," rejoined Edgar, "when my release is known abroad, and that I have no pledge to guard the jewel of my reputation, who may not slander my fame, and cast a suspicion of dishonour on my enlargement? My father has taught me that life without reputation is as a rankling poison which no one looks on without shuddering. I have heard this father declare, that the being who has lost his honour, his virtue, has committed incest with nature, and having rifled her of her charms bears about her curse, starts back with misery in the deed, and looks in every face he meets for contempt." "Take then," replied the Dauphin, "this signet; and with it my esteem, young Prince; by this pledge I swear thou art free, except from the conditions laid on thee;"—and he slid the ring on the finger of Edgar;—"and now," added he, "in a low voice, I advise that you escape by the dark. The guard is faithful, I know him — conceal your person—leave Paris,

and if you would gain renown in further battles, Venice, the Archipelago, Palestine, the Emperor of the East, may afford you a post of honour. Quick! the word—the promise—and farewell!"

Edgar took the proffered hand, respectfully raised it, and with solemn gaze on heaven said, "not to set my foot on England's shores—not to arm against the monarchy of France as understood by the Prince, till three years are expired, am I now bound; and so heaven be witness to my truth."

The Dauphin hastily embraced Edgar, and drawing the hood around him, gently struck the door—it was cautiously opened, and he moved away.

"Once more then, ye sweet fields, I may pace ye; once more I may climb the rock, and gaze on the dashing waters below! Disposer of my life!" exclaimed Edgar, "great Omnipotence, I bless thee." "Art thou then so very sure?" said the pilgrim, with a frown, "dost thou not suspect? knowest thou the person of the Dauphin? there may be fraud, artifice." "No, friend," answered Atheling, "I do not suspect

suspect any artifice; I have seen, I perfectly recollect the Dauphin's feature. This is he I saw in the palace with the Bishop of Laon, besides which the signet bears the impression of royal arms." "Easily obtained," replied Leolf, "however 'tis just possible—be not too confident—wait the event—I go; but what is your plan?" "I know not, friend," said Atheling, "could you advise?" "Canst thou trust the pilgrim?" said Leolf. "Oh yes," "desert me not, I entreat thee," cried Edgar, "if thou couldst procure me a garb like thine, it might escape notice." "I will try," answered Leolf; "but if I return not ere the sun's shade be lost behind yon trees, expect me not; but make thine own terms, and bear thine own perils."

Now the pilgrim quitted the apartment, and again the bolts fell back into their grooves. Edgar for once was struck with suspicion which he in vain strove to repel. The manner, the mistrust, the broken sentences of this stranger passed on his mind; he remembered the chill which Leolf's words ever threw on his own warm feelings,

and from his wretchedness he felt dread that all was not right within. "Virtue oppressed can smile, but this man is all gloom; surely 'tis only a sting of conscience that is insupportable. Yet how ungenerous am I in determining of this stranger! how can I judge for the despondence of age, I, who am but in the flower of youth, inexperienced, and unable to decide upon the effects of decrepitude and sorrows? let me not be guilty of presumption, but rather seek to justify and to palliate, than to hastily accuse." Thus reflecting, Edgar paced the apartment starting at every sound, and gazing every moment on the trees for the signal.

BOOK IX.

THE ACTION.

ADVERSITY! thou portion of man, I salute thee. Come, thou harbinger of all that is cheerless and sad; thou breaker of every tie that winds through the human heart; thou preparer for scenes in which sorrow shall be no more; come, sad and downcast maid, put thy cold finger on the throbbing pulse of prosperity and pride, and humble the lord of creation in the dust. Let him know thee, unhappy chauntress, that he may tune his mind to brighter prospect, and burst away from this checquered life of varied tumult and invariable disappointment into peerless joys, and happiness immutable as the God who prepared them, ere he called the world into existence. Who is he, however bright his eye, however airy his step, however rosy the lip, however noble the faculty, that shall not bend to the touch of Adversity? Come it must that day, when tears shall gush

from their watery beds, the bosom heave in deep drawn sighs, the head droop, and the voice falter, whilst the memory aching shall whisper, " the loved tone which once struck on thine ear is stopped for ever—thy friend has betrayed thee—slanderers have torn thy fame—the dear hopes of thine heart have been crushed and are fallen to nought. Means of supporting thy frame are denied thee. The beings which sprang from thee are perishing around; want grasps thee close—all thy schemes are frustrated." Then, Adversity, wilt thou kiss the poor sufferer for thine own; wrench from his bosom the fond, the fluttering, the last lingering tenderness to earth, and by one kind and cruel stroke, break up the path that leads to heaven and to rest.

The young Prince Edgar in the violence of agitation quickened his pace, when the cool breeze taught him that the sun was gathering up his strength for other regions. Suddenly, the tips of the forest assumed other shades—and then they were spangled in net-work of burnished gold, and nodded in grandeur and brightness as the plumes

of

of the kingly pheasant of the woods, when spring dresses him in new majesty. Edgar marked every change with fresh emotion; he put his ear close against the door; all was still—he tried the latch—it was immovable. "Now, pilgrim," said he softly, "art thou true or false? The trees? gloom is sitting around them—their brilliant tints are fled. Now, now, ye naked walls, which have enclosed me for two long years; couch, upon which my poor limbs have rested so many nights—thou, straw pillow, which hast hidden so many of my plaints and tears—and thou, little casement, which hast never refused me a portion of heaven's expanse, or a beam of protection from the eye of my Creator—all, all dear objects, grown dear by acquaintance—I quit ye all, perhaps this hour—nay, this minute—hush, buzzing fly, let me hear my deliverer's step and hail it." Atheling could speak no more—hardly dared he breathe—so strong rose the seat of life, that he pressed firm his hands on his bosom to check the succession.

A sound stirred; and a whole impetuous

tide of blood bulged up to the ears and temples of Atheling, and sang in its impatience; but it throbbed and died, for all was again still. With not more of movement than the bust of stone stood the prisoner. But the sound returned—it stops—it increases—the bolts slide—the door turns on its hinge. Edgar gives one look, springs forward, and strains the pilgrim in his arms. "Silence!" whispered the guard, "there are other ears alive; descend, and with caution; take every one his own—yet methinks, we who run the risk should gather the spoil." Edgar blushed at the words of the centinel—he turned aside his head, lest he should betray his feelings and wound another's breast. Vain precaution! self-interest is indelicate. The guard knew not the delicate strokes of sensibility. "Friend," said Atheling, "the few changes of raiment procured with my last jewel by thy predecessor I leave, excepting this one—they are too mean for thy notice and my gratitude. My sword—here are jewels, but the blade was bestowed by a father." "Quick," exclaimed

ed Leolf; "art thou mad to stand thus loitering? here, take this pilgrim's garb; tie over thy jaw the bushy crop. Cast off the armour, the massy studs and breast-plate may content the savage," whispered he. "Nay, friend," said Atheling, "I cannot part thus easily with it; 'twas a dear gift, O that my hand were gold that I might cast it before him," cried Edgar. "Well—I go;" answered Leolf, "I will stay for thee no longer." "One moment, I entreat," cried Atheling; and passionately he snatched the loved sword, and grasping strong, wrenched from the hilt some stones where the diamonds stood thick set and threw them to the guard, who smiled in the prize, and then wrapping himself in the huge folding robes and mantle, and drawing down the scolloped hat, fled with beating breast after the pilgrim, who cautiously led the way. "Keep close," muttered Leolf, "and be silent." They reached the portal; the guards had all been relieved. Every one in his turn asked for the word. The pilgrim answered; he passed, and Edgar bending low

for

for concealment, passed with him. They reached the drawbridge near the street. The guard saluted them. "Fathers, where go ye?" "Through the city, good friend," replied Leolf. "Methinks, thy brother is young for pilgrimage," said the man, "whither are ye bound?" "To Venice and the Holy City," returned Leolf. "Hast thou travelled much, good reverence?" said the guard to Atheling. "Speak to him not, friend," interrupted Leolf, "for his sins he has made vows not to utter any word, till Jerusalem loosen his tongue, and cheer his soul; and now, I pray thee, let us pass; and see, what lieth before thee, as I live 'tis a gold piece!—lucky thou to find what some poor wretch hath doubtless lost." "Ah prithee, now hold thy peace, father," cried the centinel, "get ye both gone; wherefore do ye stand here prating?" Whereupon he opened the gates, and the two pilgrims stepped out—the portal immediately closed. Leolf precipitated forward, and Atheling trembling followed.

The dreary stillness which precedes the howling

howling tempest sat through the streets of Paris. Events swelling with civil discord, hung drooping, and waited but one little touch to communicate in a stream and burst over ill-fated heads. The pilgrims, in silence hurried forward; they approached the suburbs. A splendid mansion illumined by large wax tapers within and without, stood by the way side. Horses' feet suddenly trampled the stones. A vast retinue dashed near. "Crouch down," said Leolf in a hurried tone to Edgar, "be still for thy life, 'tis the King of Navarre, that this palace is prepared to entertain." "Oh heaven!" exclaimed Atheling, "do thou befriend me!" Leolf threw himself on the ground in the nook of a wall, leaned half over Edgar, spread wide his ample folds, and closing the eye appeared in profound slumber. The cavalcade approached, the guards bearing lighted torches. One flashed on the visage of Leolf. "Who lies there, Sirs?" said Charles. The soldiers drew near. "A poor pilgrim, I judge, by his garb, your highness." "'Tis a sight ill-befitting our great city, that poor travellers

travellers lie on its highways. I would that ye awaken him," replied the King of Navarre.

The beating heart of Atheling sank with shame at his inglorious station. "Charles will recognize me in one instant," thought he, "when his eagle eye flashes on my person, even thus disguised. O that I had died in the fields of Poictiers!—my bones would have been gathered up and have been wept over in the tomb of my ancestors; but now, Oh tyrant! yet, dearly will I sell my life."

Now the guardian angel of virtuous man perceived the imminent peril of the young chief, and listened to the short petition of Edgar for help from heaven. Then with a pinion more rapid of succession than thought, he hurried up to the archangel whose turn was that day to hold the celestial list of those who were, before night, to break the union of spirit and body. "Hail, benign power!" breathed the heavenly minister of Omnipotence, "I know thine embassy. The God of mercy hath but chastened thy charge to teach him wisdom;

his

his will is not that he should yet see death; hasten back, thou hast permission for any exertion in his behalf." "Seraphic excellence," answered the guardian of man, bending gracefully, "I obey; receive my blessings and lay mine humble praises, which I will breathe, at the foot of the throne of Eternal Majesty, from the lower world for this unexpected mercy." So saying, he with sweet complacence turned away, and calling in the pinion, dropped as a stone by the side of Atheling.

The guards approached to rouse the pilgrim, but Charles suddenly recalled them. "Advance; it matters not," cried he; "a flash, a dreadful glare of liquid fire, tore through yon cloud and curled round mine armour. Hold, my beast—see how she trembles; ne'er heed the pilgrim, if he can sleep whilst elements rage over his head, let him. Advance," cried he, impetuously, "my blood curdles at lightning—I feel—I feel, as though 'twere a God that made this vast earth shudder under his will—tush—ye villains; see how she rears and starts--will ye lead the foaming jade? O how

O how icy is this poor breast of mine!" murmured he, whilst he frowned and curled his body in the second flash. "Am I a king! and must kings tremble—what folly! —there, again!—may not that mad fire strike a monarch's bosom? why not—is he of flesh?—another! how dreadful—my God—hush!—dare I—advance, ye wretches, or this sword," exclaimed he aloud, "this sword."—

Big drops of sweat crusted the visage of the King; his glaring eye was half opened in expectation, and half averted to escape the awful sight; his teeth rattled in the hollow jaw, and his dried and quivering tongue could give but faint and imperfect sounds. The animal on which he was mounted, trembling and scared, plunged backward, rose on her hind feet, sank on her knees—reared again, and lifting up her hairs and mane in horror, goggled on the sky, and insensible to blow or caress, nor retreated nor advanced.

"Hold her," cried Charles, "I will dismount—give me another steed—this shall pay the forfeit of her life." A dozen

men

men held down the animal—the King flung himself upon the ground, and seizing the arm of a noble, hastily staggered forward, and entered the palace gates; the guards quickly followed, and again were the streets in silence.

The pilgrims gently rose and looked around. Edgar flung himself on his knee. "God of my life, I bless thy name!" said he, "whose arm is powerful as thine, and who is strong before thee?" Then he arose and hastened behind Leolf, who quickly reached the great gate of the city—here they passed without notice. Time was ready, but not yet delivered. The dark night favoured them. "I am young," said Atheling, "support thyself on me, good Leolf." The pilgrim took his arm—"haste, haste," muttered he, "we are not secure till we reach the borders of the German dominion." "Generous friend," replied Edgar; "suffer me to tell thee, how deeply my soul is penetrated by gratitude." "We have not time for speech," answered the pilgrim, "to-morrow we must be far out of the stretch of pursuit."

A horse-

A horseman swiftly darted by them, followed by two men. Leolf started. The voice of one reached the ear. "Ah," whispered Edgar, "that is the voice of the Dauphin Charles, he hath chosen our moment for flight." "Sayest thou so," replied Leolf, "I would we were as well mounted. I fear we should be overtaken first, and suffer for all; for in twelve hours every thing will be known, and Paris be in uproar. O by my life, how will the tyrant lock up the city, fortify the entrance, strenghten the palaces, and mistrust the whole world. What a subtle poison lurks under that smooth tongue. It would be a feast for his soul, to wreak his vengeance on thee and me, for the escape of his royal victim—but I forget — I enjoined thee silence—and speed."

The tempest had passed—and a few twinkling stars now faintly shewed the way. During the night, the fugitives briskly kept on the pace, and when the morning dawned, they guessed that seven leagues were cleared. "Here we quit the high-road and choose only by-paths," said Leolf,

Leolf, "at present we may rest under yon clump; and let us see what refreshment thy scrip affords—what none! Let mine then supply the want." Atheling partook of the homely repast with grateful thanks, and as the old man slept, he stood up to gaze on the beautiful expanse of country, and to smile in admiration on beholding once more the simple loveliness of nature—but presently he sighed, as he said, "and yet thou art not England—England, my loved soil, I am receding from thee, but my heart is thine—and thou, my de Clifford—thou, my home—my family—dear objects; if ye still remain to me, may I ever again be permitted to behold ye! alas! years, long and tedious years rise between us—O Time, take from my allotted space and hurry forward my being!"

The limbs of Edgar unused by long confinement to strong exercise, now craved some rest, and he leaned on the soft moss and snatched a sweet repose under the wide canopy of heaven.

The sun was high in his course, when the pilgrims started up, and addressed themselves

selves again to their long and arduous journey. Steady they continued it, and at the end of some days they reached the frontiers of the Emperor's estates, and they remained two days in a village hard by. Edgar wrote from hence upon paper given him by Leolf, to his friends, and folding down what he had said, concealed the letters in his bosom, till an opportunity of dispatch should offer.

Now the travellers moved forward to the entrance of Switzerland. "Happy country," exclaimed Edgar, "to have cast off the yoke of tyranny;[66] thou art free; thy children are noble of mind, they may govern thee in tenderness and zeal. Happy ye, proud freemen! but happier the country which is sanctified by a king, who is a living pledge of freedom, whose crown is the cap of liberty herself. The republic may be shattered by a hundred little tyrants, whilst the limited monarch, bound by his people's laws, sees his life and honour woven in with the prosperity of his subjects, and knows that in their ruin is his downfall; he has nought to gain, but every

every thing to lose. Thus he strives for his children as a father, and they, in return, bless him as the promoter of their happiness. They shed the last drop of blood for him, and he exerts the power with which he is invested, to maintain their right, and to secure their prosperity."

Autumn now blew over the mystic grots of nature his cool and invigorating breeze; and as the fugitives plunged into the wondrous scenes, the heart of Edgar swelled with admiration and greatness. On either side rose the towering mountains frowning from the clouds at one another, as if in battle array; and further still, grew the enormous glaciers, believed by the credulous to be seven years mounting to their vast bulk, and seven in diminishing. Immense forests of pines looked down from the Alpine summits with dark disdain on the world below; and here and there a beauteous linden tree bent his graceful head even lower than his roots, among the niches and cliffs. The sweet silver bell [67] tinkled round the loved neck of some favourite kine—the bell that had lasted for generations, and which

which alone displayed all the luxury of its master. The animal, proud of the distinction, shook her sleek head to call about her the faithful herd, the only opulence of her possessor. Now swelled the plaintive sounds of the native melody [68] with which the shepherds enticed down the large flocks of goats and cattle from the bold crags and bleak air, to shelter them in the vallies during the blast of winter. There dashed the roaring cascade from perpendicular heights; and here warbled the clear rivulet of the mountain, of virgin purity, as it trickled its little way among the shrubs and fruit-bearing tree of the mountain, over the sweet blue gentian, the Alpine rose, the delicious wild strawberry, and the green myrtle; when, having left behind the misty crag of the height, and the verdant plots of grass and tinted foliage of the middle regions, it crept in soft content, and reposed near the walnut hedges at the lowest base.

Hospitality every where opened her hand and enticed the traveller. Beautiful and innocent maidens pressed forth the sweet beverage

beverage from the mountain-fed heifer, or sprang over the threshold to pluck the wild fruit from its haunt, or drew from the simple churn the sweet butter, and sang to the hollow trunk to entice the queen bee, whilst another hand scooped forth a delicious portion of her wild honey. Atheling possessed no coin; but Leolf twice offered, and twice offended. "Generous people!" said Edgar, "your country bespeaks a different race to the natives of mine, but England has all your virtues; your passion for liberty, your generous disinterestedness, your noble hospitality—but she has not such proud rocks, such icy bulwarks; her sons are valiant, but their breasts are made to feel every throb of nature, and even to feel more pangs for others th n for themselves. An Englishman climbs with amazement, with emotion, with passion, these stupendous heights; he casts an eye upward as millions of tender, grateful, devout notions fill his soul, for he reflects upon the Being who created such scenes. He bends a look down to the bottomless chasms, and shudders; he starts, he sighs

to think how many lives have been gulped in the opening; how many feet ever rested on its verge; how many steps some have slidden and have yet balanced and been restored; or, he gives his thoughts and his sympathy wider circuit. How vast, he considers, are the armies that have gathered on the plains below, and that have followed a daring leader over these rocky fortresses of nature! Thou, Swiss, encompassed by thy bold and rugged promontory from whence thy prospects are infinite, art wild, hardy, simple, fearless for thyself and others. The Briton, surrounded by the green wave, and accustomed to plunge in her foam, or to meditate on her shores, feels, from tenderest infancy, every varying image of the changeful element reflected in his own bosom. He listens with melting fondness to her sigh, and plaintive echoes it back; he rises in pride, in dignity, when he gazes on her swelling surface, and catches the first glimpse of her superb navy, rolling to the uttermost points of the earth her riches and strength; he strains the eye to catch the line where cloud and

water

water kiss each other, and feels his breast pant with ardour and curiosity to cut the pathless road to lands and climes unknown; and when the wish is accomplished, and that other climes feed his breath, then impatient as art thou, O wave, to roll backward thy tide at thine hour, so is he, as he gazes and sighs from afar, to fling his arm again round his beloved shore—and thus he cries, after having paced the luxuriant soil, the fruitful valley, and climbed the cloud-crested summit of pompous monarchies, or overgrown empires;—thus he exclaims, with a tearful eye, and clasped hands:—"Oh, England! England! what country is like unto thee, in beauty, in honour, in love?"

Thus spoke Edgar, as he journeyed; softly he spoke, for the old pilgrim loved not that which touched the soul. Leolf disdained to smile; a frown ever saddened his brow—suspicion lurked in his eye, and displeasure fell from his lip when the hero poured forth in ardent strains his hopes, his feelings, his affection, or even his very gratitude to himself. Atheling was deeply

sensible to the restraint, but he quietly submitted to bear the casualties of age and infirmity—yet he languished in secret for the society of a companion, of a youthful friend. "Oh! de Clifford," murmured he, "art thou gone for ever? has thy loved spirit quitted these busy tumultuous scenes of life? may I never more behold thee? I knew not thy value till I was deprived of thee—I durst speak—I might give thee every thought, and thou hadst no reserve with me. Sweet intercourse of friend and friend! Oh! happy equality of age and feeling, how I miss thee!"

Thus inwardly lamented Atheling, whilst he and his fellow pilgrim descended from the last Alpine summit, and touched the beautiful plains of Italy. But as they drew near to Venice, Edgar solicited to throw off his disguise. "Let me, good Leolf, be what I am; a soldier. England's children are respected in Italy; how many times have English nobles and their immense retinues sailed from these ports to fight under the banner of the Cross! All Europe has joined, hand in hand, for this great

great cause, and however divided upon other matters, all have been unanimous here. The swarthy Italian, the pale-eyed Austrian, the ponderous Fleming, and the reserved Briton, have, for religion, for honour, for virtue, forsaken their home, their family, their pursuits, their pride; to enlist under one sign; to bear down one power; to fight under one leader; to accomplish one design. Assembled nations! unanimous in the danger; unanimous, ye people, ye generous people, in the certainty of reaping no personal advantage. Tell me not then, good friend, that Edgar endangers his safety in openly wearing the sword through Venice, in demanding of the proud and lofty republic a station in its armies. The Briton is every where respected; what need has he for fear? Frown not, my good Leolf; nay, thou art displeased—Oh! speak, my benefactor! I could hate myself if I have offended thee." "Am I offended, my lord? Oh, no," answered the pilgrim, "little matters it whether Leolf be pleased or not. But what! thou hot brained youth, with thy noble

schemes of benevolence and candour, what! hast thou never been taught a little craft—a little prudence? how hast thou been brought up in life?"—"Sir," interrupted Atheling, whilst anger darted from his eye, "I have been educated, I have been taught by a father, whom I respect above all men; and for love—had I a thousand lives I would give them for his, and smile in the exchange. Sir, good lessons I have had, but that I never sufficiently availed myself of them I now deeply feel—now that I am deprived of them, and, as it were, thrown upon mine own discretion. Prudence, indeed, I have been taught, but not....."

Edgar stopped,—ever fearful in the midst of passion to wound the feelings of others. Onward, in silence, they continued, a few paces. "You will do well to entrust your letters to me, my lord," suddenly observed Leolf. "To you, my friend?" enquired Atheling. "Aye, Sir, if I set off for England to-morrow." — "How, good Leolf," exclaimed Edgar, "are we not going both to Palestine?"—"Aye, my lord,

lord, we were going, but your hot words tell me that you are tired of the old pilgrim—he may, therefore, return to England." — "Oh! my benefactor," said Atheling, "how you wrong me! I tired of you! of mine only friend in adversity, in these foreigns realms. Oh! Leolf, do not suspect me of such ingratitude; if I have been hasty, forgive me—I meant not disrespect, but I fancied—a reflection on the beloved tutors of mine infancy, and I was mad in the idea. Talk not of deserting me, Leolf, but come, give me thine advice; tell me why I should not openly declare my birth, and solicit from the Doge an honourable employment in his wars? Many of my valiant countrymen, thou knowest, have sought glory and renown in the Venetian service,[69] and why should not I?"

"Nay, take your own course, my lord;" replied Leolf, "but if you ask me why, I answer—first, that where there is doubt we should prepare for the worst. Secondly, that where you will pass unnoticed as a pilgrim, you would be gazed at as a chief-

tain, pointed at, perhaps laughed at. Thirdly, who will believe that you are a Prince descended from the blood royal of England, even if you say it; without attendants, without friends, without credit, without money?" "Leolf," interrupted Atheling, proudly, "I have a lip that was never yet sullied by falsehood." "Folly!" retorted Leolf, "who knows in Venice whether you may not have existed by lying; whether you may not have purloined the very coat of mail on your shoulders?" "Sir;" cried Edgar, "this is ungenerous; surely you are severe." "Psha! canst thou not hear the truth?" said Leolf, "how little art thou fit for the world; this world, my lord, which I have well studied, and learned in theory and practice." "I am indeed deficient in that knowledge," said Atheling, "I believe every man to be well meaning towards me till I discover his falseness; and then, and not till then, have I ever been ready to condemn: why should others desire to injure us without provocation or object in view?"

The pilgrim gazed for a moment on Edgar with astonishment: then he smiled, but faintly; and his visage again took its contracted form. "My lord," said he, "perhaps I fail in courtly demeanour—however 'tis my fashion; but now tell me, prithee, hast thou ever read any history?" "Truly, Leolf, thou hast a curious manner with thee," answered Atheling, "I have in the course of studies, perused some writers of other, and my own times." "And did you not see all the wickedness of mankind therein registered?" asked Leolf. "I saw a mixture of good and bad characters," said the Prince. "Chiefly of the latter kind, I believe," replied Leolf. "Tell me of a crime, a stratagem, a horror, that may not be presented in the history of empires? and yet you, who have read these grave and attested memorials, can think well of men, and can be ready to trust and to wait for injury, to be put on your guard: how can one who has read history, be without suspicion?"

"I grant," hastily replied Atheling, "that we gain all this melancholy informa-

tion in histories; but there are three points to be considered in this matter: first, in answer to your declaration of the predominance of vice in them, we are to remember that much is to be said of the man and his actions, who carries fire and sword amongst a people that never injured him; who drags away the helpless virgin into dishonour and captivity; who tramples hoary hairs in the dust; who oppresses his people with taxes, and forces them to desperation by his cruelty. The life of such a man affords ample materials to the historian and the moralist, and pages swell with virtuous indignation at the recital of his deeds. But the quiet pacific governor, who, satisfied with beholding the fidelity and happiness of his people, lives endeared to them as the father of a numerous family, and unambitious of fame or conquest, never passes the verge of his dominions, presents no strong feature to the historic painter. One single and touching encomium is wound with his life, and posterity merely sees a pleasing sketch among dark finished pictures. No wonder then, if vice branches

out

out into wide extent, and that virtue sits close. Secondly, history is not a guide for common life, or as you term it, the world. Facts are only recorded of kings or their great representatives. The people, the great mass of an empire, are only referred to in the gross, as a whole body. Kings having powerful interests at stake, all the master-passions are let loose; crimes take a gigantic form when committed by them; but the people, the subjects, excepting here and there a few, having no such vast objects, can be roused to no such exertion. The history of a king, cannot then be full authority for the private manners of a people as individuals. Thirdly, until the last centuries, the world has been disfigured, and the human mind abused by a false religion, and obnoxious ideas upon the grand article of duty between man and man, and from man to his Maker. The Christian religion, that mild and gentle worship, is now in my happy period, established over entire Europe. How can one enter with a fellow-creature into the same sanctuary, or both cast up an eye to the same God, and yet

live in continual apprehension and mistrust?"

"All your arguments are very fine, my lord," peevishly interrupted Leolf—"you may depend on this, that kings, with all their powerful interests, as you say, are but men; and by the moment that your friend has betrayed you, your mistress deceived, your monarch deserted, and that disappointments have blighted you, you will look round the world with the spleen that I do, mistrust all mankind, and fancy that treachery lurks in every smile."

"I pray heaven that time be far distant," cried Edgar. "But, Leolf, if thou hast such mistrust, why may not I suffer in thine opinion?" "Perchance thou dost on some occasions," said the pilgrim.—However, I would as soon depend on thee, as on any one—but enough; wilt thou play the strutting Prince in the streets of Venice, and be scouted for a braggart hero? or wilt thou keep on thy scollop and thy staff, and act the safe pilgrim?—e'en do as thou wilt!" Atheling's cheek glowed round the artificial shag of his visage, and he

he paused. At length, he said, " only secure me a passage to the seat of war, to the seat of just and honourable war, to crush rebellious spirits, or to repel the ambitious strides of the Turk; secure me an honourable passage, and I will not discover myself designedly in Venice; and for this promise, I expect thy company. Yet, understand, good Leolf, if I be charged with assuming a disguise, I will not deny it, but will then declare my family, my name, and my country. I will not court discovery, neither will I avoid it."

To this, Leolf sullenly yielded an assent, and the travellers shortly afterwards, entered the gondola of a compassionate rich merchant, and they were soon borne to the heart of Venice.

Atheling looked round him in this famed city. The silence of the streets in which a wheel is not permitted to turn, the plashing of the oars under every casement, the gravity of the step of those who passed to and fro on the multitude of bridges, the servile dependance of the crowd who passed a noble, and the dark and disguising robes of

of the inhabitants, wrapped studiously and with mystery, round their form, inspired him with melancholy and gloom.

" Proud city, thou mayest be rich and as extensive, but how unlike other ways, to the great metropolis of England!" thought Edgar. " Lovely women, women of all ranks, ever certain of protection, there glide through the streets for business or recreation; innocent, modest, respected, unassuming, adorned with the simplicity of the times; looking health, happiness, and maidenly freedom. The men, towering in all nature's majesty, arrayed in the simple masculine attire, which imparts the healing warmth, yet displays to view the nervous and strong built limb, the square shoulder, the superb and commanding feature, on which virtue, knowledge, generosity, and enthusiasm of liberty and love of country, are stamped in characters of energy and love. These step forward, whilst the steed of the noble and his attendants, prance slowly by, retarded by the side of the immense waggon, or vehicles filled with bales and passengers from all points of the kingdom.

dom. The animals, unconscious of the dignity of man in this favoured constitution, would trample over the merchandise, break the obstacle, or toss away the labourer from his path; but the man, however poor, looks up with honest and fearless smiles on the steed's impatience, and with a throb of delight, hears its master with gentleness and humanity, bid him to beware of hurt from the fiery beast, whilst he himself drags in the rein to curb his speed. Then the honest clown blesses the laws of his great country, cheers with hearty accent and animated eye, a peer of his realms, and content, pursues his way. The street, the city, the port, the whole land is free of access to all. The laugh, the whisper, the nod, the dialogue, may there rise in the square, the market, the street. Crimes only are chained. Decorum alone imposes restraint. O happy country! in whom a wise government grants unbounded liberty for all but vice. O, noble people, that conscious of their freedom, and feeling their responsibility, are plunged into sorrow and dismay, for even a breach of decorum!"

Such

Such were the thoughts of Edgar; but Leolf paced his way, regardless of his companion, and only anxious lest he might attract notice. He watched with earnestness, the faces of persons, who half muffled, passed by, and cast on the travellers, an enquiring and momentary gaze. "Cease thy whisperings," muttered the old pilgrim, "I heed them not. Let us enter yonder poor inn, we may find admission and security against the deep searching eyes of these Venetians." "Why, Leolf, no one is near us, at present," answered Edgar, "but I follow; thou knowest the town, sayest thou? I do not."

And now the travellers stood on the threshold of the house, and craved admittance. An old female appeared:—"Who are ye?" said she; "and what would ye have?" Leolf spoke, versed in the languages of Europe, and in the ways of men. "We are pilgrims, gracious mother, to the Holy City, and would fain rest us for a short season, till the sailing of the fleet." "What is your country, pilgrim?" returned the dame, with a frown; "I love not

not strangers. A large cloak may cover a weapon, and a hoary lock may fringe a trait'rous head." "We are from England," said Leolf, with a stern air; but recollecting himself, he added, "'tis no matter, if you have not compassion on the needy;—yet we could have recompensed—we are pilgrims, but not without a coin—yonder I perceive is another house for travellers, we will proceed; thanks, good mother, and fare thee well." The matron suddenly looked out, and fearfully turning to the right and the left, muttered, "all is safe; enter—I can give ye better fare than my neighbour — but look ye; if ye are not what you say, I am ruined. Hush! a voice!—from England did you say? Methinks I have heard of some such country far from Venice, and of needs, a wretched place, I doubt. Hark ye, sir pilgrims; there is but mine own self and my daughter —we are poor—if ye both have wherewithal to pay, do it cheerfully; and so may your pilgrimage be prosperous.—Quick! I hear a voice! — a whisper in the street—are ye really from England, say ye? — and no spies?

spies ?—Quick, that way—yon closet.—Silence !"

Atheling, in the midst of these cautions and mystery, felt a dread rise upon his mind that he had never experienced before. Leolf hung down his head, and stirred not. At length, said the old man, "Did I not tell thee there was need of caution ? thou knowest not mankind, thou knowest not the governments of Italy. 'Tis not ancient Rome that gives the law, nor ancient Venetia that is governed by that law ; but 'tis a country divided in petty states, all struggling for pre-eminence, and each suspecting and plotting against the other. Be silent—weigh every word—walk not—sigh not—laugh not—sleep not—mistrust all mankind ; but chiefly, the envious and narrow-souled republican. And be on thy guard too, against the snares and arts of women ; especially of the old. They are cunning, avaricious and crafty. Beware of this one : play her on her passion ; thou seest 'tis avarice. Unbind the sword from thy shoulders, and let us break off a branch of jewels for our support.

support. I can repay thee by and by." "Take all the jewels; but couldst thou procure me a trusty handle to the blade?" said Atheling. "Good;" replied Leolf, "I stand not yet in need of them; touch not the sword: wait till we step on shores less observant. Peace! the hag returns."

The door unclosed — the matron advanced to Leolf who feigned deep sleep. "So soon slumbering, pilgrim? thou must needs be weary—hold! awake!—hark!" Leolf staggering, rose up, the eye half closed—"What, mother!—where;—what wouldst thou?" muttered he: "let me sleep on, I am faint and weary." "Nay," answered she, "that cannot be here;—mount up the ladder, there is room above, and there remain. I will send thee provision, and thou shalt discharge the debt as soon as 'tis incurred, and so shall we be friends."

Leolf cursed in his heart; but he lowly bent and led on Edgar to the half mouldered step, which creaked to the weight as they ascended. A shattered building gaped to their entrance: a century had stripped from

from its outward surface, the covering of the beams, and the moss and ivy that had sprung from some straggling embryo, now waved round into the apertures, and half hid the light of heaven, that an hour since had shone full through it. There had been a lattice window, but the cavity was partly filled by a strip of serge, and a plank nailed at either end. The crackling of the floor in every step, roused a multitude of little animals that expressed in small shrieks their dislike to an intruder. A truss of straw fluttered in one corner, and the remnant of a coverlid that had been once of sable, but which looked now of a dusky brown hue, was spread loathsome on its top. "Here," said the dame, "is accommodation for a prince, if he be not proud." Leolf frowned. "Why, mother, hast thou ever lodged a prince within thy dwelling?"—"What if I have?" replied she, "may it be aught to thee? Look, yonder is the bed; if thou art weary, rest till I have prepared thy food." The pilgrim answered not: with uncertain step the matron withdrew; she paused—and returned—she hesitated: "There is a poor sick

sick relative, a poor old man, in the partition there divided; he moans at times in his slumber; if, good pilgrims, ye hear a sigh, be not startled, 'tis a reverend old man, my sire's uncle; he has fought for the state, yet he is poor, sirs," added she, and raised her withered hand across her eye. "Thou shalt be obeyed, mother," answered Leolf; "for what is thy poor sick kinsman to us, that we should disturb his sorrows?"—"True, pilgrim, I see thou art compassionate, and I am relieved," said the matron, and withdrew.

No sooner was the dame gone, than Atheling fixed an ardent gaze upon Leolf, to mark his opinions; but the dark countenance told nothing more than usual—both were silent: and now, by degrees, did mistrust rise up in the breast of the young Prince; he sat on the wretched pallet, and rapidly turned over every circumstance that had happened since his departure from Paris. Mistrust, suspicion, mystery, hung round Leolf, and he started with horror on finding his heart half inclined to detest a benefactor. "What, if he should have

have some intelligence with this woman! but oh, how monstrous in me to suspect—I to think ill—Edgar Atheling to open his breast to ingratitude—an Englishman, who never forgets a favour, to turn ingrate towards one who has saved his honour and his life!—yet — begone, thou yet — thou doubt. Alas! alas! how I lament that I did not, as a warriour and an honourable exile, enter Venice, and openly solicit employment. Oh, how my soul abhors all artifice!—How I detest my servile concealment! Surely, surely, sympathy would have touched the breasts of the Senate—and, oh, perhaps, I might have spoken so feelingly as to have convinced—and how often, as my father has told me, does truth the most simple, convince by her native force; but, alas! 'tis now too late. How could I with any face, sally forth from this hovel, after such declarations as Leolf has made, and acknowledge myself a chief and a noble of England? Should I not be questioned why I commenced the disguise, and did not continue it? and might not my confusion, lead others to suspect me of sinis-

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ter motives? Why, oh, why, did I act contrary to my better judgment; when reason spoke so loud, why did I resist?"

Edgar deeply sighed; Leolf looked round. "I know whence thou art grieved," muttered he; "but 'tis too late; come, I know what suspicions are rising to curve thy brow, but thou art wrong. I never beheld the hag, and to tell thee a truth, I like her not. I have nought of intelligence with her; so cease to accuse me." Atheling, confounded, amazed, blushed deeper than the sun when he sets in blood; his noble tongue disdained a prevarication, and yet it would not crave pardon; for the human mind loves not to have his household wrenched out by force. Edgar was hurt, he was humbled, but alike seemed every stroke to Leolf; in a low voice, and careless of reply, he went on:—

"Well I marked the old dame as she spoke; and this is her case—for money is she to be bought, heart and soul. The sick relative is either some lawless ruffian, who waits for night to dispatch us in the hope

hope of spoil; or 'tis one who flies from justice, or that has on foot some plot not yet ripe; so I judged at first in her hesitation—but upon further thought, I guess it may be a woman, and not a man. Nay, start not—first, because she mentioned his sex, several distinct times; women ever speak by exact contraries; had it been a man, she'd have fixed on woman; aye, sir, for pilgrims are safe with old women; secondly, she laid much energy on the word, old, whence I conclude the person is young; thirdly, her eye sparkled, notwithstanding herself, when she uttered poor, whence I know of a surety the guest is rich; fourthly, she, with womanly artifice, mentioned the words, state, the government, whence I pronounce that she would have our minds to play upon these, and lead us from other points; besides all which, by magnifying certain ideas of terror in our forlorn station, she may teach us through every dark allusion, to be cautious, to be liberal in payment, to be silent, to be expeditious,—for in every word, in

every

every look, I see she likes us not, and would we were gone, could she but compromise with avarice."

The soul of Edgar was plunged into deeper amazement on the words of the pilgrim. Involuntarily he shrank farther from a being who could so immediately blast a character, and tear up motives by the roots. Leolf, who read every movement of his companion's ingenuous and artless soul, observed, but feigned to have not observed the little action of repugnance; he again closed his eye, and Edgar felt a momentary satisfaction that he might dive into his own breast, and hold a council on his doubts. And here, the first power that met him was conscience. "How darest thou," said he severely, "how darest thou injure in thought a man who was thy friend, when all forsook thee? who has risked his life to save thine; who has shared with thee toils and dangers, and who, even now is plotting to convey thee in safety from these mysterious scenes? What, if he be cold-hearted, suspicious, mistrustful, can his faults break down thy weighty obliga-

tions? Shall we not pay a just debt because the creditor is gloomy, ill-natured, a tyrant? how can the faults of Leolf step between Edgar and gratitude?"—"Enough, enough!" said Atheling, "my conscience, my guardian, my preserver—thou hast spoken well, I will follow thy dictate. In this wretchedness, what ray of hope shall lighten on my breast, if I offend thee, my monitor?"—"Leolf," cried he with precipitation, "Leolf, my good friend, forgive my impetuous and rash suspicions. Leolf, I have dared to think ungenerously of thee; pardon, pardon me my benefactor, or I shall sink with the reproaches of my conscience for my ingratitude."—"Oh, my son, my son," murmured Leolf, averting his head, "yes, I pardon thee, if thou will plead for Leolf, at the tribunal of Heaven —Edgar," continued he hastily looking up "I had once a son—he had dark blue eyes like thine, and I have sometimes thought that in the sweet smile of thy lip, he resembled thee—but he died—he died in infancy; and his tomb was so small that it served me for a pillow when I lay on the col

cold ground, didst thou know that, Edgar?"
"No, good Leolf," answered Atheling, in wonder at the altered tone—"but I am grieved in thy loss, and would sympathise with thee."—"Oh, I hate sympathy and pity, my lord," replied Leolf, as the deep gloom shaded his brow, and he resumed the drowsy posture.

Astonishment again seized Atheling, but the old woman entered the chamber, and set before the travellers some large grapes, a melon, some bread, some wine, and then retired. Leolf rose, and snatching the fruit surveyed it with care. He held the melon and pressed in every part the rough coat. "What seek you, Sir?" asked Edgar. "I would know," answered Leolf, "whether there be any fissure or gap for poison. Touch not the grapes till thou have dabbled them in the wine—with that we are safe. I bear a powder which is on purpose to plunge in the foaming goblet; if the dust sink, all is well; if it mingle, the draught carries death in the taste."

Atheling feared to displease his companion, he answered not; and the dame re-

turning, demanded to be paid for the refreshment. Leolf threw down the coin, and in a careless voice, said "mother, we in England do not find it good to rest after meals; e'en take pity on us poor pilgrims, and say what news be moving; Venice is a noble state, its merchants travel over the three quarters of the globe, the ships of the republic look as a thick forest, from the great square through which we passed." "True pilgrim," said the matron, and fixed a keen eye on the wary Leolf. He seemed to heed it not, and continued. "I hope we may not disturb the poor aged gentleman; I dare assert he would not bless your guests. Do now, mother, sit down; we people of England best love talk after dinner. Dost thou know that the gondolier that rowed us hither, said 'that all Venice was in quest of a beauteous lady, young and rich, that had been lost and carried perhaps across the Adriatic?' We, poor travellers, made our best escape through the crowd—I would that we could find some ship on her passage down the gulf."

The

The countenance of the matron fell pale as the lunar beam, and strong flashes of scarlet spread in every direction upward, and deepened every feature. Leolf just then rubbed his visage, and from the division of his fingers saw, and saw enough. The woman confounded, turned aside to cough—she recovered; fancied herself unobserved, and in a tone less steady, said, "the story is surely false, good pilgrim, I have heard not of it. Even Venice has its babblers. Did ye ask me what news? A fleet sails after to-morrow for Candia, so says my son who is a sailor, please ye, and a brave youth." "To Candia! Oh mother," cried Leolf, and started up, "so great is our haste to be at the toil's end, that we would thank and reward thee too, if thou couldst gain a passage for two poor pilgrims."—"Aye, truly sirs," replied she, "I can advise with my son, and ere to-morrow night, shall ye be safely lodged in our navy." "Thanks, good matron," said Leolf. "however we may perish for want on our way, thou shalt be rewarded." A gleam of satisfaction shot athwart the furrowed

rowed cheek of the old woman, and she departed.

Now would Edgar have spoken, but Leolf with an expressive frown taught him caution. Long they paused. At last whispered the old man, "prudence, watchfulness, or we are lost. Remember a lady is near; what will not female curiosity! By and by will I rest; do thou watch awhile, then awaken me, I will be on the alert, and thou shalt repose."

Evening now flung around her with haste a dark robe. No soft grey and beauteous colours of twilight did she wear as in more temperate climes, but she fixed on a deep shade,[72] imitating in strength of choice the bold sun, which gives to those regions all his power, and will not hear of gradation.

Leolf, who boasted not of nice feeling, rolled himself on the straw, and drew up the uninviting coverlid, and presently either was, or feigned to be, asleep. Edgar sat near him, melancholy and thoughtful; he fixed on the gaps above, a tearful eye, and long endeavoured to catch a glimmering star, but in vain; a soft breeze kissed the ivy,

vy, and at length descended to play with Edgar's wild ringlet from which he had tossed the scolloped brim; he thought a sound passed over his ear, but it was faint —he listened—again it swelled and melted away; a sigh from the inhabitant of the inner chamber, thought he; fearful of breathing, he again tried to catch something of articulation, when in a few moments there arose an "ah! me!" in the sweetest accents of Italy. It was so soft, so sweet, so gentle, so plaintive, that it trembled half way ere it reached Edgar's ear, and then would it have perished had he not been eager. Quickly he uncased memory and lodged in safety, in honour, the flutterer: it revived, it throbbed, it lived.

The little spring strives through its meandering source upward, rushes through the porous gravel, and bounds on with new start of extacy in the first gaze of heaven and light. The young rose tree that never counted of existence but two revolutions of the seasons, suddenly beholds on her tender branch a mossy bud, that blushes in

its birth; she looks downward in graceful pride, under the new burthen:

The chaste bosom of Atheling, more noble, more lovely, more pure, than either the unsullied fountain, or the virgin tree, on a sudden sprang to new emotions. The shock was strong; he forgot the darkness, and sensible to the rising glow on his cheek, yet unconscious of the cause, drooped his head low over his knee, in the new confusion and surprise.

Vainly did he listen; not even a breeze rose to sing round the ivy bushes, and aid his fancy—all was still. Now imagination buoyed up the spirit of Edgar. Drowsiness flitted away. The chamber seemed commodious and pleasant. "It may be," thought he, "a lovely maid yonder, who has fled from some unhappy roof, or some audacious pursuer. And if she should want a defender, why may not I bend at her feet, tear open my unwarlike garb, and oppose nations in her defence? I would hold the precious trust as my life, and guard her innocence more spotless than the snowy flake, which hangs suspended betwixt earth and

and heaven, and is just departing from æther."

Such were Edgar's thoughts as time rapidly dashed on. Leolf slumbered till beyond midnight, when he cast off the wrapper, and leaning forward whispered to Atheling to take his rest. The Prince declared he felt not weary, but he submitted; and careless of the lowly bed on which he reclined, gave himself to pleasing visions, till at last he fell into slumbers tranquil, gay, and refreshing.

The day following, when the bright eye of Edgar met the partition, he blushed at past recollections; for the image of a captive or lovely fugitive again rose to his mind. "If," said he to Leolf, "if thou, my friend, wert so happy as to be honoured with the discovery of that noble lady, of whom thou was speaking yesterday to our host, and that thou shouldst see that she required a shield in her defence, from presumptuous suitors, or a haughty guardian, would not thine arm grow strong in such a cause?"

"No, in truth," replied Leolf; "we

pilgrims have nought to do with women; they are vexatious beings. Woman is the source of all mischief, she has a head ever busy for plot, a cunning that sharpens at difficulties under which she sighs and feigns to bend; she has a gaze more piercing than the sun's ray through a chrystal vase, and a sudden perception of the feeling, the emotions of man, long ere he even guesses to have given her one chance for notice; a vanity unbounded upon this knowledge, which she thinks to owe to uncommon sagacity, instead of acknowledging that it is an intuition common to her very sex; she is patient only, when she dares not rebel, and is proud and scornful in the moment that man relaxes his dominion over her. Arrogant she is in youth, in the force of her charms; ambitious in middle age, to soar above her lord and her family; angry and malevolent in advanced years that the day is flown, and that but a few instants are left to indulge in the last tale of evil. The heart of woman is cased in adamant, and no one ever gained admission to its recess but through the portal which

which is self-love; and by soothing the attendant, which is flattery."

Edgar presumed to smile as Leolf finished the harangue. "Surely, my friend," said he, "now art thou severe. One woman I know, and know her well—may heaven guard her in peace and loveliness!—and oh my friend, how unlike is she to thy picture! The turtle-dove that spreads her downy wing to shield her mate, a mate dearer than her life, from the little zephyr, is not so tender, nor so gentle as she. As thou sayest, she is keen in guessing the mind of man, but how graceful is the knowledge which is sought only for benevolence! She looks with anxious eye on her lord, only to read the wish which has never yet been expressed, and to anticipate the will which has not yet given itself form. Woman, as my beloved preceptor hath oft declared, for his generous lip loved to sound her praise, woman has real sincerity, and is all truth when once her noble heart is touched. Of all friendship, that in which she has a share is most ardent and powerful. Her vivid imagination, inexhaustible

in its fecundity, is perpetually suggesting to her a service, a delicate attention, a tender care, even a complacent word for the beloved object or objects; for the soul of woman is capacious enough to admit a plurality of friends.

"Woman is to be reproached with art, say you—'tis surprising; when the very failing of loquacity with which some charge her, sufficiently proves that she is generously candid and averse from concealment; but she can be silent as the shrouded corpse when honour has put his seal on her lip, and yet her brow shall not contract as in thought; her tongue shall not stammer as if charged with unwieldy prohibitions, nor shall her ear be less than usually attentive to the courtesy of acquaintance. Delicacy of feeling is the characteristic of the men of England. If they are nice in honour, in decorum, in the practice of every duty of humanity, what must be the lovely women who are a refinement of man! Even in that generous soil, the prouder virtues have an air of austerity and reserve on the front of man, but every virtue of its

women

women is graceful and commanding; whether in the exercise of patience, of courage, of piety, of temperance; of patriotism, of filial and conjugal love, of gratitude—in all she is touching, modest, enchanting. Such at least is my—such, but more lovely, is the woman I can oppose to thy rude sketch."

Leolf, in his turn, gazed in wonder upon Atheling; never had he remarked in the young prince so much hurry of discourse, such eagerness of reply, such animation of feature. "Methinks, Sir," answered he, "thou hast been wafted through the air to the famed poet of Italy, this night, and hast caught a flourish. Prithee, hast thou been to Avignon to see Laura, or hast thou fled to the delicious wilderness of the romantic Petrarch?" [73]

Edgar, well accustomed to the old pilgrim's manner, was now hurt at the blunt question, and vexed that he should appear so;—he turned hastily away, and Leolf, ever suspicious, now commenced a discourse on pilgrimage, that he might afterwards have liberty to consider the most probable

probable cause for the alteration. But both were interrupted by the matron, who came to desire the pilgrims to be in readiness by the rush of evening. She laid before them a pannier of provision for the voyage, and receiving the return, and promised reward from the cautious Leolf, she again retired.

"My friend," said the prince, "I should blush to see thy hand ever ready, and ever in thy purse, but that I look to opportunities of return ten fold, for all but thy benefits, and for them I must ever be thy ————" "Hush!" replied Leolf, "hark! the noise!"—Edgar stopped and listened. The artifice of the old pilgrim succeeded; he had begun to suspect the young chief of dark designs in his altered manner, and he said, in a murmur, "How detestable are acknowledgments and professions from him who has disgusted us!—No wonder that man finds it hard to allow good qualities to an enemy!"—"Sir," enquired Atheling, "did you speak?" observing the motion of his sullen lip. "I? oh! yes, my L——, my brother pilgrim," answered

answered Leolf, "I was exclaiming against yonder black cloud, fearful it presaged storms." Edgar looked up, and then at the pilgrim, whose eye was closed, and this was ever the sign he used when he chose not to converse.

But the hour of departure drew nigh. With a small taper the woman appeared, and hastened her unwelcome guests in their descent. Edgar, surprised at the secret tardiness he felt in his inclination to depart, continued slowly to move on, and was the last to creep down the shattered step. Leolf marked the reluctance; a thought flashed across his mind—he felt half relieved of his uneasiness. "Haste a little, young pilgrim," said the matron, "surely thou wast more active yesterday; nevertheless, the stair is but one day older, 'tis now strong enough to endure a century." Edgar quickened the movement, and on alighting in safety, was grasped by Leolf, who hurried him after the guide that waited, and advanced so rapidly, as that in the deep shades of night, both must have been lost, had they not vigorously paced forward. At the end of two streets, a small

a small gondola waited, the travellers entered, the guide took an oar, and a second person another, and, in profound silence, they rapidly cut the wave.

When the boat had gained some distance, the men took from a covered recess a small lantern. The faint light cheered the pilgrims; and, as they raised a glance, they perceived that both sailors were masked. Then they gazed around them, and presently caught the cheering view of lamps suspended high over the fleet. "Good friends," said Atheling, "how far distant is the ship in which we may be stationed?" —"More than a league," one replied. "When sails the fleet?" asked Edgar. "This night," answered the same man, and was then silent.

Now the waves began to swell, and the waters to rush with tremendous precipitation over the huge beds of sand, which the sea deposits in its course as she approaches to land, however inconsiderable it may be, in its dimensions. The seas rushed among the nestling isles, bearing up, with more violent motion than their return upon every sixth hour * usually produced, the

* Professor Busching's Geography.—Vide Italy, p. 77, Edit. 1762.

dark floods that crossed the city's base in all and every direction. The men dashed the oar with increased energy, and in two hours they reached the first vessel; and, upon giving the signal, were received with the travellers. Leolf put the reward into the extended hand, and, in a moment, both rowers disappeared; the boat was secured to the ship, whilst they, in change of dress, mingled with the company on board, and remained for ever unknown.

The storm now broke in fury, but was soon spent. The heavens cleared; the stars glistened in beautiful order, and countless numbers; and the commander no longer hesitated to raise the anchor, and to fulfil the instructions of his Senate.

During the hurry of departure, Edgar and his companion stood unobserved near a shroud, whither they had retired from the effects of the pelting storm; but as the navy caught the fresh current of air which urged it forward, and that present anxiety was suspended, the commander desired that every stranger should be summoned before him.

Atheling's

Atheling's heart bounded with delight in the opportunity of now throwing off all disguise. He was together with Leolf, classed with several other pilgrims, and conducted to the state room; but the greater number of the strangers consisted of young men who were eager for glory in the field of battle.

When all were assembled in respectful order and silence, the great chieftain, Victor Pisani,[74] who stood by the naval commander, thus addressed them :—

" You are not to be told, my friends, that Candia, the long attached child of Venice, has, with horrible infatuation, revolted from her allegiance. The instigator to this unnatural perfidy is the Turk; he shall feel the indignation of Venice presently; but first, will we chastise the rebel to his government, the guilty Candian. You, my friends, with noble ardour, you have availed yourselves of the license of the Senate, and have thus, unsolicited by man, yet fired by the hope of glory and renown—and shall not renown be yours?—you have in numbers exceeding my hopes, yet equal to

to my desires, flocked to the standard of patriotism and duty. Every one amongst you shall be supplied with armour, with weapons, with the honourable ensigns of soldiery; and I am assured, that in the little history every one gives of himself, and of his motives, we shall discover no fugitive from justice, no son who has broken down one duty to fulfil another; no man who, having disgraced himself on shore, seeks to mend desperate fortunes by means which can alone give lustre to the honourable."

So spoke the great General Pisani. He was answered by a murmur of applause, and then all were remanded from his presence, and only two at once afterwards admitted, to declare their names, country, family, and reasons for embracing a life of warfare; after which examination, they who could write signed to their testimonies, and others made a cross; then the military oath was administered, and every man was conducted to his quarter.

"Oh Leolf, thou hast undone me!" exclaimed Edgar, as he flung himself on the deck waiting for his turn; "see, see, my

my friend, in what ends our artifice—but reflect—had we but worn the modesty of strangers, had we only been cautious not to give offence by impertinence or curiosity, we might have been safe in Venice; none would have insulted us, and we might have obtained, even by day, free pass to the fleet; I, not in this mean disguise, but as a warriour, and an Englishman!" To the reproach the old pilgrim made no answer, for other thoughts rushed to his mind.

The young men quickly returned from the communication, some with looks of conscious rectitude, some confounded; all the pilgrims entered, to give in their intention and names—and at length but two remained, and these two were Atheling and his companion.

Edgar made a desperate struggle to conquer his extreme agitation, and his natural reserve of speech in the presence of strangers. The general had stepped back, and the naval commander had directed the interrogations to the pilgrims. But Atheling rushed up to him, and in a voice nearly inarticulate

inarticulate by strong emotion, said, " oh General! to you, to you I speak." Victor Pisani leaned eager forward. " Sir," said Atheling, and with a trembling hand tore from his cheek the artificial locks, and from his shoulders the degrading folds, " Sir, I am not a pilgrim — I was disguised —judge me not till I have breath to speak; Sir, I too am a soldier, a chief, an exiled prince."—" A Prince!" exclaimed the General—" Hola there! who waits?—command the doors to be made; look to the watch; see that all go on right. A prince!" continued he with a smile of credulity—" a pilgrim also?—a general also?—but go on, Sir."

The soul of Edgar sprang up to the taunt. With native grandeur he unbraced the beloved sword, and drawing it from the sheath, presented the hilt to the General; " take that sword, Sir," cried he; " I give you free permission to keep the only treasure I now possess, a sword which has drunk blood in the fields of Cresсy and Poictiers, which belonged to the Earl of Mercia, prince of the blood royal of England,

land, and by him given to me, his only son; take it, and never let it be sullied by my touch, if I have disgraced my lip by a falsehood. Disguise I have used—it was at first permitted, nay, recommended to me: would that I had sooner cast it aside! I will be brief, Sir: made a prisoner of war, after the battle of Poictiers, for which great Edward's name of England shall be ever bound in laurel, I remained two years in Paris, and then procured an honourable release from Charles of France, who also was hastening to safety from the power of Navarre's king. Next to the prince, am I indebted for my life to this generous pilgrim here before you, whose history he himself must deliver. The Dauphin, solicited by me for a pledge of my truth and honour, slid on my finger the signet, which you may perceive bears the arms of France, at the same time that he bound me in a promise not to serve against his nation, or to set foot in my country for three years. I have youth, strength, and a sword, and I yesterday arrived in Venice, waiting for the moment to exert them in the cause of honour

nour and justice. Candia rebels, say you, General? May you deign to lead a young warriour to the plain which disgraces itself in the breach of duty, and you shall see that an Englishman laughs at death, but sinks under the blast of dishonour."

Pisani returned the sword to Atheling: he bowed, but coldly, and with studied respect gave an answer. "Far be it from me, Prince, to doubt your assertion—but. . ." he paused; the colour deepened his scarred cheek; then with rapid utterance he continued: "I would not offend—far be it from me to throw an insinuation on a native of England—yet, had you, Sir, entered our city as became yourself, and but applied to the two ambassadors of your court, whom you might perhaps have known, one being a great poet, and the favourite of your Duke of Lancaster, Geoffrey Chaucer,[75] and the other the Lord de Clifford, you would doubtless have obtained honourable commissions through them, immediately from the Republic. As the case is, I dare not invest an unsupported stranger with command. I grieve, Sir, but

but only from the rank of private soldier can I by degrees raise you; for such is the tenour of orders which I dare not disobey."

The doating mother of twin babes, seeing them languid and drooping, searches for the innocent balsam to re-animate their little frame. In rash confidence she mixes the drop with a ray of honey, and kissing the infant lip, introduces gradually the remedy. She gazes with eager smile, to witness the marvellous effect; when lo! dark rings suddenly enclose the eyelid, the lashes curl and tremble, the eyeball swells, the cheek turns livid, and dragged downward from the red lid; the mouth stretches outward, now wide, now pursed, now rounded; the lips swell out from the tongue; the head enlarges and rolls from side to side; the black vessels in the throat jut forward, the hands clench, the knees bend, the babes gasp, shriek, expire, and burst. The mother, the poor wretch—sees that she has poured down their tender gullets the draught of death—she gazes first on one, then on the other—her first movement is to look for a dreg for her own lip,

lip; but a secret power plucks back her impious hand. She leans again—puts down her ear to their disfigured corses Her husband enters and starts. She rushes to him and laughing wildly, cries, "'twas I, love—'tis my deed—I killed them—lead me to the block—I should suffer, thou knowest—I am a murderer—yes, I will suffer. Lead on—to justice—people see ye not that which I have done?".....

Such were the gaze—the anguish—the desperation—the sullen agony—the laugh but more deep—the resolution of the Prince on these cutting words of the general of the Venetian army. He struggled—he gasped. Then gaining breath, and bending one knee, he laid the sword at Pisani's feet; and tearing from his body the silver-studded armour, he also respectfully placed it with the sword at the top, and seizing a plain iron breast-plate for the common soldiery and the corresponding garb, threw them about him, saying, "'tis just, Sir. That armour and that sword I entrust to you; when I deserve rank may I redeem those precious gifts of which I am now un-

worthy. I beseech you, Sir, notice me not to your court; and be pleased to recollect that I am now simply, Edgar Atheling."

So saying, the prince bowed and hurried away; leaving the general in astonishment, and the pilgrim contemptuously smiling at his self-degradation.

Shame, disappointment, and remorse made deep havock in the sensible heart of Edgar during the whole voyage; yet silence and respect ever dwelled on his lip; but inwardly he grieved; and had not virtue reminded him of his sacrifice, he would have sunk under his own reproach. So it must be, alas! thought he with anguish, so must we suffer if we act in defiance of our better reason, of our guardian spirit. But a few months; oh that they would escape as a moment, and I may be able once more to endure myself. Oh heaven, what happiness is there for man, when he has lost all reason for self-esteem!"

Edgar with pale and disordered looks leaped from his hiding-place when the fleet entered the port of Candia, and not daring

to raise an eye, sprang to the shore, mingled with the voluntary combatants, and like them advanced in order to the citadel, where also, was the regular army stationed. And now, how ardent was the soul of Edgar in its self-imposed duties! The General who understood his noble conduct, forbore in public particular conversation; but he honoured Atheling, and when not in presence of others, gave him his confidence and his esteem. Early and late was Atheling upon the guard; vigilant, silent, attentive to the command of his chieftains; his eye ever ready to catch their will, and his limb to execute any task however dangerous.

The rebels possessed the chief city. During six months they endured a siege. It so happened one day, that Edgar demanded to appear before the chief captains in council, and thus he spoke:—

"Sirs, being this day on guard, I narrowly watched a person who looked as though he would avoid me—I challenged him roundly with sinister designs—he replied with confusion—his imprudent speech

convinced me, and I refused him a pass. On this, he aimed a dart at my side. I wrenched ed the weapon from him—and levelled him with the earth—seeing no hope of escape he drew a dagger and pierced his own breast ere I could arrest his arm. I searched the dead; and have discovered this slip of parchment."

The chiefs eagerly pressed to read the characters, but of connected, nothing could be understood. "Can you give us any light here, most faithful soldier?" said the General, with a marked smile to Edgar. The young man respectfully advanced proud of commendation which he felt he had earned. The other chieftains ignorant of the greater virtues, as of the noble descent of the young centinel, gave him but small attention. Thus replied Atheling:—

"Great general! when I was yet a boy my father, who ever intended me for a soldier, taught me many matters, which he said might be useful on occasions, to my profession. Among them, was a power of couching a whole phrase in two or three strokes; he called the art short-hand, and

as far as my little knowledge extends, this slip as ye perceive, contains twelve characters, but three whole sentences. I understand them thus to form in Greek words: "if our emissary fail, we are undone. The town is exasperated by want, and is half disposed to return to its allegiance. Haste then; make the circuit of the mountains, and join us with provision and arms, and our messenger shall bring us back again the note and thy verbal reply."

"Now, Sir," continued Edgar with brightened eye; but he recollected his station, and suddenly paused. "Go on, young warriour," cried Victor Pisani, in triumph looking around—Edgar continued. "Now, Sir, if a band of fifty men might be chosen to go secretly at the dusk, and make the attempt to check this reinforcement if I might be of the number....." "Thou shalt command that little valourous band, soldier," replied the general, "advance, Sir, the service thou hast rendered us, is invaluable—how many lives of the Candians may be spared through this important discovery. In the name of

the Venetian Republic, I raise thee to the junior military rank—thou hast need of a sword; there is mine—gird it on—away; to victory, young hero, and proud shall be the day for thee when the standard of the Republic floats on the city ramparts—away; choose thy men; the service and the glory be thine." Atheling sank on his knee, to grasp the generous hand—his great soul swelled in his breast, and forced a warm current of blood to his cheek;—he was speechless: but ardour, hope, joy, and exalted courage, swam in his gaze, and spoke volumes of truth.

Atheling once more trod the earth as a man. He gazed upon the heavens—his foot no longer felt clogged, but it sprang up elastic, under him. A sweet play of lofty emotions stretched his faculties, and the smile of innate grandeur and dignity once more stole round his vermilion lip. Oh virtue, powerful lovely virtue, how canst thou transform a man! Without thee he gropes a brute; through thee he treads an immortal; when he forgets thee, he scowls and carries disgust on a brow of ivory;

ivory ; but in thy influence he moves, he expands in the beauty of angels, and carries in his look the eloquence of majesty and awe.

Now he selected the hardy band, all proud of the service ; and as time shut out day, they secretly quitted the army, and began the march. Three leagues had they to pass ere the mountain could be gained—but Atheling led forward swiftly and undaunted. Eagerly was he followed ; yet he occasionally stopped to wait for his men. A large flood checked the progress—it was swollen by heavy rains, and its current roared strong and turbulent. The little band halted in close order for the word of the brave commander. Edgar thought for an instant ; then tearing up by the roots a young pine, " here are trees, my friends," cried he, " wrench them up and cast a few into the stream ; three or four of us may hold the riding prop, and stem the current's force—behold ! as I do," and as he swung forward the pine, he plunged into the wave, and seizing with one grasp stroked away the rushing fluid with the other.

The men inspired and emboldened by their leader, quickly followed; and all landed on the opposite bank;—from which, but little further onward arose the mount, which overlooked the rebellious city. Atheling led on to the centre. "Here we rest," said he, "'tis advisable that one or two go up to the utmost height—the moon rises, and discovery may follow. I, therefore, will be the man." Every one was eager to share the danger, but Edgar went and alone; he ascended to the summit—all was quiet, and he returned.

The hour of midnight arrived. Atheling permitted not a sound to move. Every ear was on the listen. A trumpet blew from the distance. "Hush," whispered Edgar, "now is the moment." A light appeared. A clamour of tongues was heard. The band stood close, firm, steady; Atheling all ardour and expectation. The enemy ascended the mount.

Now the Prince and his men rushed forward. "Stop or you die!" bellowed he. The rebel chief started with rage and astonishment—but presently he stamped on the

the earth with his foot; "no," cried he, "to the charge!—advance, my brave fellows—advance, we are betrayed." "Hold! yet a moment!" exclaimed Atheling; "civil war is most horrible—before one countryman crushes his fellow, learn oh rebellious chief, that the Venetian Governor knows of thy plot—we came to intercept thee, and to succeed or die." "Die then, thou audacious," roared the traitor; "on fellows! to the charge!"—"Off, I say; nor stain your impious hands, citizens," thundered Edgar. "You men, what would ye? Venice can pardon—repent, and all shall be forgotten. My friends, secure their arms: no escape, no bloodshed, if it be possible. Thou, chief, mayst turn thy vengeance on me, if thou art sick of life." "Oh," returned the furious rebel, "oh, that I could drink thy heart's blood, whilst it be yet boiling in thy prowess," and rushing on Edgar, essayed to grind him in his arms. Atheling smiled fearless, and quickly evaded the grasp; when the monster falling, the Briton took his sword, thrusting on him his

foot whilst his heart relented to the offer of mercy. The rebel was silent, and Edgar stretched a hand to aid his rising. Then he stood up foaming with rage, and putting his hand under his armour, drew forth a dagger and struck so hard upon the iron breast-plate of his generous foe, that sparks fired in every direction. "Men of Candia! behold the perfidy of this traitor," exclaimed Atheling; and exasperated, he lifted his arm, and sheathed his bright sword in his bosom. No sooner did the Candian fall, than Edgar cried out, "Now, good people, behold the fate of a rebel to his country—advance under our banner—the banner of loyalty, and I swear to you, you shall be restored to favour." Upon this, the men gave a shout, and the two little armies instantly embraced, whilst all swore fidelity. Atheling commanded the corpse to be raised, and the troop again set forward by the opening light of day; descended the hill on the other side, arrived at the city gate, and demanding entrance, were all without suspicion, admitted. Atheling drew up his men around him, and as the inhabitants flocked

flocked for expected provisions, he thus addressed them:

"The army before you, O people, is for the lawful government. One of the rebel chiefs is punished for his crimes, and, as you may perceive, is no more. We stand here in the name of Venice, either to pardon or to punish—for pardon shall be your's if you only return to duty, and the Republic shall mercifully receive you as penitent children—all these your fathers, brothers, husbands, relatives, are sworn to their allegiance, and will ye longer hold out against the force by which ye are surrounded? The great body of the Venetian army is without, in the opposite quarter of the city, and our efforts shall be, to rush forward and give it admittance. Choose then—we have provision in plenty to offer you, we have protection, we have forgiveness; quickly choose—rebellion and death, or life, pardon, and protection."

One vast shout rent the air. "Life—protection—life! food! We repent, if Venice will pardon."—"She will," exclaimed Atheling, "she will. Ye men,

join my forces; women, keep close. Let us advance; open the gates to the Venetians, you, my friends; I, with a few, will ascend the ramparts to plant the banner."

Onward rushed Atheling, at the head of a body of natives, who cried, "Peace, peace! we are forgiven." Suddenly, Edgar perceived a warriour eagerly clasping in his arm a struggling burthen—a shriek escaped—he started and fled towards the sound. A female dropped lifeless on the soil, and the enraged stranger lifted a ponderous club at the hero. "Dastard! to injure a woman," exclaimed Edgar, and plunged his sword into his thigh. "Look to the wounded and the lady," said Atheling to two of his people, and hurried on. In a few moments, the standard of Venice floated on the walls—the sun cast his glorious beams upon it—the whole town shouted for joy—the army entered with the blast of the trumpet. "Peace, pardon!" echoed above every sound, and swelled the happy tumult even to the concave of the skies.

The good general held forth his hand to the transported mothers, who met friends, relations,

relations, and countrymen in his train. "Where, but where is the noble hero of the day?" exclaimed Victor Pisani, "where is the warriour who conquers, but delights not in blood; who brings back people to duty but through persuasion; who is valiant, but not cruel; wary, but not treacherous; whose glory only equals his modesty? Women, where is he? Wives, he has saved your husbands; mothers, he has spared your sons; virgins, ye are indebted to him for your lovers. Where is he, who in the midst of youth, health, vigour, strength, passion, can yet have command to unsheath the sword and to offer mercy; to brave the battle, and yet sigh to crush a life?"

Atheling, in the mean time, sprang rapidly to the edge of the lofty walls. At their base was a deep stream, and he precipitated himself downward in it. The wave foamed wide—the hero disappeared—but, in a moment he rose to the surface, leaped over the edge, and darting on, laid the rebellious colours at the feet of his general, amidst the reiterated shouts of, "My deliverer,

liverer, my guardian, my brother!" — Victor Pisani drew him close, and pressed him with strenuous grasp to his breast. "Welcome, most heroic chief," cried he, "most welcome!" then he cried, "Silence! my friends—stop, oh assembled people, but a moment—and you, oh chiefs! advance and listen."

"People, the hero before ye—attend, my brave soldiers, to the lofty deed.—This hero is of the royal ancestry of England; that country so famed for its attachment to liberty, and for honour; he fought in the great battle of Poictiers, and soon after, being made a captive, was released, under a promise not to return for a few years to his country. He put on disguise, and came disguised to me for employment. I received him coldly, and taxed him with artifice. In the grandeur of his soul, he felt my reproof, and to atone for his fault, he consented to become a private soldier; laid his bright armour and splendid sword at my feet, and has invariably refused to be invested with them, till they had been fairly won by an honourable action. Closely have

have I observed this young hero;—as a soldier, no duty was too fatiguing, no office too menial. Early and late, with eye fixed on his superiors in rank; with manner ever respectful; will, ever ready; tongue, ever prudent; he was the admiration of his comrades and the pride of his general. But now, my friends, ye know the action he has performed, the services he has rendered, the lives he has spared, the conquest he has won. Now, my brave army, ye generous Candians, now pronounce whether he deserves not his birthright and his arms? Speak, my brave friends."

The cries of triumph, of joy, of admiration, mingled with the clashing of arms, and swelled with greater fury than ever. Edgar knelt to the general, who commanded the shield-bearer to advance. "Rise, Prince," said he, "receive, in the presence of five thousand people, the reward of virtue," and he assisted Edgar to brace on his arms; then he threw over his neck a chain of diamonds of immense cost. "This chain," cried he, aloud, "was entrusted to me by the republic: "Give," commanded the

the Doge, in full Senate, "give this pledge of the gratitude of Venice to the greatest hero of the Candian war." Thus I apply it—people, ratify my choice!" Again the shouts redoubled. "Go, Prince," continued the general, again embracing him; "I know not what has been thy education, but I envy the father of such a son."

Atheling grasped the hand of Victor Pisani, and in vain attempted to speak. "My general, my father, my noble friend," he exclaimed; but he could add no more, and he drew down the bright vizor over his face to conceal his deep emotion; but the people desired to gaze on his manly countenance, and pressed eagerly around him. To check the importunity, he slid away into a neighbouring hamlet, where a female running to him, said, "Enter, thou great chief; my son was saved by thee."

Atheling hurried into the shelter; but as the door closed, a person rushed in, and dropped at his feet. The hero, amazed, lifted the fallen, and gazing as the drapery slid away, discovered a face exquisite in the perfection of beauty.

"Lovely

" Lovely being," murmured the Prince, as his eye wandered over features that had been tinged by the incense of the enraptured sun; over tresses which floated in glossy jet, and on lashes which swept low as the roses of the cheek to touch their bloom: " lovely being, who art thou? or of what art thou afraid, whilst Atheling supports thee in his strong arm?" The lady moved—she slowly raised her form, and straining the lid, sighed out, " alas! where am I?"

Edgar replied not. A strong trembling shook his frame—his eye bent to the ground—his cheek flashed to deepest red, and fell again to hue of snow—his lip, parted for reply, remained severed. . .

The lady rose, and looking wildly round, " are you not my preserver?" said she, fixing upon him her dark bright orbs; " when the ruffian would have fled with me, did you not strike his arm, and give me liberty? Oh yes; I will kneel to thee, great hero; I owe all to thee, valiant chief —thus, and thus I thank thee."

Atheling's cheek grew to a deeper glow of

of shame and confusion—he drew back, as he uttered, " oh madam, humble me not, I conjure you, by. . —rise, lady, I implore, or I shall. . "—again he stopped confounded—" the voice—'tis the same as in Venice," he involuntarily murmured, as he caught another glance. " How, noble stranger," said the lady, catching the words, " hast thou seen me in Venice?—Alas! I have been in that city, and in my passage to Alexandria was made captive by the rebel ships, and presented to the chief, from whom I was rescued by you."

Edgar, with strong emotion, which he endeavoured to suppress, replied, " no, madam, the voice—but not to see you—the honour was reserved for this day," and he blushed deeply, that he had presumed so far.

The lady sighed, and leaning forward, drooped her majestic head over a rounded arm, soft as the mantle of the velvet peach, and looking on the abashed Edgar, said, " I thought, young Prince, I had never met thee in Venice—where couldst thou ever have heard my voice?—be not surprised

surprised that I give thee thy honours; I too have heard the words of Victor Pisani; I looked on thee, as he spoke, and recognized my benefactor and my deliverer, and hasted to thank thee."

"Oh lady," cried Atheling, averting his eye, "repeat not, I conjure you, the trifling service rendered you; what man could behold a lady in distress, and refuse one exertion—but so young and so lovely..."—he paused, for strong agitation impeded his utterance.

"Yet I will, nevertheless," cried the lady, "call you, Sir, my benefactor. Prince," continued she, with lofty gracefulness, "Prince, understand that the Sultan of Egypt is indebted to you for a sister's life; he is grateful, his sister is powerful; Alexandria even now, boasts hundreds of your nation;[76] the war in Candia is at an end; might not the Prince Edgar pass a few months of his exile in a court that would be proud to shew him honour? Say, generous Prince, wilt thou accompany the grateful Nourrayah to her native shores, and remain during some time

of

of thy banishment amongst a people, a governor, that will adore thy virtues, and make every exertion to give thee a courteous welcome?" As she ended, she looked timidly on Atheling, and blushed.

Edgar, trembling with anxiety, surprise, joy, and doubt, hesitated in his reply; for he could not slightly endure to quit his beloved general—yet a fluttering inclination to behold again the beautiful stranger, held him in suspence—but now the door opened, and Leolf, who had never quitted the army, though inactive, the frowning Leolf stood before him. "Hasten," cried he; "the general is perplexed—the fickle Candians, fired by his extravagant praise of you, are rushing through the streets, calling on your name—they wish to make you king over them! Haste, flee with me to Jerusalem; a bark is in readiness for Tyre. Victor Pisani is struck with horror, for Venice will surely suspect and condemn him as a traitor."—"A traitor!" exclaimed Atheling; "oh generous exalted man! Edgar shall be pierced by ten thousand swords, ere one graze thy magnanimous breast—

breast—lead on, Leolf, I will see him—I will speak to him—I will rush to the depths of the sea, sooner than that one hair of that virtuous head should be dishonoured."—" Madman !" cried Leolf, " wouldst thou rush through the town now, and finish all? dost thou then pant so strong after the diadem ? Rather stay, Sir; the general shall hear from me of thy retreat—stay a moment; I will return, and we will depart this island."

" Daring presumptuous man," cried the lady " who is he ?"—" O madam," replied Edgar, " he is my friend, and the preserver of my life; his speech is homely, but the voice of reason should be ever grateful; above all, to the headstrong, the rash, the impetuous."—" Ah, I see," replied the female, " that this friend is high in his influence; I see that Egypt will not be permitted to pay her homage; but I am able—yes, I am revived; and I will depart for my country; and, generous chief, deign sometimes to think upon the hapless Nourrayah."

" Oh, madam," cried Atheling, hastily stepping

stepping forward, " stay, I beseech you, a few moments, till I have seen this noble-minded general—and—lady, I intreat you, stay."

Victor Pisani entered at the instant, followed by the old pilgrim : the Prince flung himself in his arms. " One embrace, my second father, my noble benefactor, and I am gone—take back the chain, most generous of men, it may be prudent ; I have a soul that blazes in your bounties."—" No, never," cried Pisani, " never shall the chain be restored ; 'tis fairly yours, my brave hero. I grieve that we must part ; but I know thou wilt never forget thy general." —" Forget thee !" exclaimed Edgar, " oh, sir," and the tears gushed to his eye, " sooner shall the bride forget her lord, or the mother her new-born babe, than Edgar Atheling the grandeur of Victor Pisani's soul, and his parental tenderness." He stopped, for his breast o'erflowed; the general was touched. " All will be blown away, all shall be well," said he ; " when the people know thou art indeed gone. A soldier is ever prepared to see extremes in hope

hope and fear; if I praised thee much, Atheling, 'twas because I loved thee greatly, for thy character has in it an innocence, an unpractised art, with a bold native valour, that I have never before seen so firmly united; and it hath been my wonder how thou couldst have been brought up, to possess, at twenty years, such modest virtue. Had I a son to wish for, he should resemble thee. But farewell, Edgar; may heaven bless thee; Leolf will lead to the citadel; take my cloak. Two small vessels wait in the port for orders; the one is for my government, the other shall conduct thee, and whomsoever thou wilt, to Palestine, to Malta, to Egypt, as thou mayst choose. When thou art in safety, send me advices by the bark; and once more, fare thee well!" As the general finished, he strained the hero to his breast, who in grateful silence, returned the grasp; and then instantly sallied forth to harangue the people.

Leolf seized the arm of Atheling, who would have rushed after the general. He sharply reproved, and throwing the mantle round,

round, pointed to the secluded paths behind the house. "Come, quick," said he, "we will bend this way to avoid the crowds." The lady started; Edgar hastily turned. "No, Leolf, that lady must be protected to her native soil."—"Folly!" murmured Leolf. "Nay, it must be;" replied Atheling, with precipitation—"shall the weak plead to the strong, and plead in vain? Be generous, Leolf; this lady is a captive, and is detained from her native land. Since the noble general hath permitted, let us touch at Alexandria, and see her in safety; then, oh, my friend, then I will with joy attend thee in thy long deferred visit to Jerusalem." Leolf frowned, but Atheling respectfully presented his hand to the trembling lady, and led her slowly forward, till he overtook a peasant with a mule, which he borrowed, and mounting the captive, himself led the animal whilst Leolf strode sullen behind. Soon they reached the port; embarked in the vessel, and the island of Candia with its huge mount so famed in pagan legendary, disappeared by gentle gradation from the sight.

BOOK X.

THE ACTION.

SWEET, unobtrusive Benevolence! thou soft orphan of Charity, hither, beauteous pity-breathing cherub, and fling thy tender arms around. How delightful is it, lovely blossom, to behold the smiles thou canst draw from a saddened heart, to watch the retreating tear steal away on thy cheering word; to see thee stroking down rough sorrow, and lisping soft harmony and consolation to all mankind! The negro, gasping under a burning soil, kisses thy little hand, wipes from his brow the rising drop, and with renewed patience and ardour bends to the daily toil. The old veteran, nipped by the cankering tooth of war, counts his deep scars, gazes on his maimed limbs, and listening to thy artless soothings, swings high the foaming goblet, strikes his breast, and offers the dregs of life in thy cause. Even animals of timid nature, look up to thy smiling placid eye, and in mute ex-

pression breathe their love: the innocent lamb stretches forth his little head to rest it on thy caressing arm. The faithful dog, with animated vision, bounds before thee, plays a thousand generous submissions to thy will, erects his fine-taught ear, lights up the countenance with sense half human, and distending the mouth, makes thee start in pleasing wonder to observe a laugh struggling on the face of a brute. Thus, oh, gentle child! to the sad or the gay, the maimed or the strong, the man or the brute, art thou ever engaging and equally dear!

In a few days, the Venetian bark drew near to the low and sandy coast of Egypt,[77] and Atheling, who had never presumed to visit the beautiful stranger in her apartment, now saw her step on the deck. Pleased, yet dejected, he ventured to look, as she moved, with more of grandeur than loveliness—of grace, than of sweetness. She extended her fine hand, and drawing round the floating robe, sighing, whispered, "Yes, Prince, there is my country. Alas! why do I not feel my bosom swell with pleasure?

sure? Methinks I am fearful of some dire event. Surely, my preserver, thou wilt not desert us? Thy friend may go to Palestine without thee; Alexandria sends vessels to every port in the Mediterranean; stay then but a few days, nay a few hours, with us, and easily shalt thou find a passage to Tyre." The empassioned Edgar smiled and blushed on the earnestness of the lady, and respectfully touching the proffered hand, attempted a reply; his voice faltered, the hand slid from his trembling finger, and he directed his wandering gaze to the approaching harbour.

But the Sultana delighted, marked the growing passion in Edgar's breast; she turned suddenly, and smiling graceful, again curved her polished arm, and hesitating, said, "Look where the pillar of the great Pompey adorns our shores. Love and valour spring in our soil; the young, the beautiful, the gay, the warlike, have graced Egyptian history; and my city, especially, has been not more famed for its works of art, and the grandeur of its founder, than

for the beauty and talents of its last great Queen."

Atheling looked full in the countenance of Nourrayah as she finished, to judge whether he might reply. The lady with deep penetration hung eager on the expected remark, yet she gently said, "Speak, my lord; do you not allow that our lovely Queen equalled any that ever wielded the British sceptre?" Atheling hastily rejoined, "Oh, madam, the jewels of her diadem were costly, but the most brilliant on the forehead of a British Queen—of woman, she wanted; and the lustre of the whole tiara was diminished." Nourrayah deeply blushed, and Edgar remained silent; neither did the lady speak again, but returned to her apartment below.

In the mean time, the vessel laboured against the strong current which drove impetuous to the low and flat shore. Edgar sought out Leolf, who, sullen and dissatisfied, desired him not to set foot on land. "Nay, good Leolf," said the Prince, "just to gaze on the interesting scenes, and then . . ."—"Just to gaze on the lady," retorted

torted Leolf; "seest thou not she loves thee? aye, madly too; and I fear thou dost in return by her; 'tis folly." "How!" interrupted Atheling, "loves me, good Leolf? For once, indeed, thou wouldst flatter me. No, good Leolf, the lady is grateful, but not..." and he paused and smiled, confused. "I flatter thee!" answered Leolf, "no, in truth; I tell thee thou art caught in a net." Edgar smiled. "Surely," said he, "when a lovely woman is near, we may give her the homage, the respect, her beauty and youth demand; surely, Leolf, thou wouldst not have man to forget his humanity? I am honoured by the sweet converse of this lady, and I hear her soft acknowledgments confused, because I could wish the service she alludes to, were better worth."—"Confused!" retorted Leolf, "no doubt thou art confused. I tell thee thou lovest, aye, passionately."

Atheling stepped back indignant; anger flashed round his bright eye; the colours gathered to his cheek. "Leolf!" exclaimed he; but suddenly he checked himself;

he caught a sight of the old man's grey lock that quivered in the wind, as his half-dismantled head was bent towards the ground; he sat with folded arms on a tattered sail, and then turned on his shrivelled finger the old scrip, from which he took figs and a morsel of hard bread. Edgar recovered his better self, and sitting instantly by Leolf, said, "now, hearken a moment, my good friend, for thy words hurt me, Leolf. That I who am young, should be pleased in the society of an engaging lady, is not more than natural, and thou wouldst expect that I should endeavour, by animated discourse, to shew my value for her condescension; but as a... what formal courtesy demands, that merely do I offer. Thou wouldst expect that I should handsomely reply, that I should with easy respectfulness thank her for the generous interest she is pleased to take in my well-being; that I should be, in short, as I was, frank and unembarrassed with the amiable young Princess Isabella: but thou art mistaken, Leolf; so far from giving the Sultana any favour-

able

able impression of my character, I have acted in her presence in a way to destroy the faint idea of merit which she might entertain from the words of the noble Pisani. When she is absent, I can converse freely with thee, with our captain; but from the moment she stands before me, I am so overawed by the majesty of her person, and the grandeur of her air, that I am silent and abashed; or, if I speak, 'tis only in clipped sentences, and with hesitation. Thus do I ever appear to disadvantage before her; and thus far am I from seeking her regard. I tell thee, Leolf, then, thou art unjust in misjudging my motives; I am interested in that wondrous shore, and long to survey some of its marvellous remains of antiquity."

The old pilgrim groaned aloud. Edgar looked at him for a reply, but he waited in vain. And now the vessel having cleared the dangerous entrance,[78] cast her anchor in a deep basin. The Sultana, gazing delighted around her, gave a hand to Atheling, and then descended with him into the small boat. "Leolf," cried the Prince,

" come, my friend."—" Heed me not," replied he, " I will follow at my own hour."—" How morose is that old pilgrim," said Nourrayah: " I wonder...." but the countenance of Edgar changed, as she began, and she continued, " I wonder what may be his age?" Atheling revived, and made an answer. But now the oars struck the shallower waves, and in a moment Edgar stepped ashore, amidst a vast multitude of all nations. The lady drew down her veil, and commanding Atheling to follow, led him to a spacious building not far distant, and entering the gate, addressed in Arabic[79] the attendant; who, upon hearing the well-known voice, darted forward, and dropped senseless at her feet. She hastily beckoned to another for his assistance, and passed on, making herself known, and conducted the Prince through the spacious and costly apartments. Amazement and joy filled every breast, at the long-wished-for arrival of their lady, and the news rapidly spread through Alexandria.

" Conduct the noble guest to the bath, and

and supply him with robes," cried the Sultana, " and let a banquet be prepared." The train obeyed, and the astonished Atheling submitted to the charming refreshment; but the unwarlike dress of the east he declined, and as a British warriour he met the lady; who, adorned with magnificence, and breathing the fragrant perfumes of Arabia, seated herself on a swelling couch, and pressed under her slender foot the rich carpet of Persia, whilst she helped him to the delicacies of her country; when, dismissing to the adjoining chamber the soft music, she reclined pensive forward to meet the eye of Edgar, and thus addressed him:

" I doubt not, engaging Prince, but thou hast an anxiety to know how I should be induced to reside in Venice; I will, in few words, satisfy thy curiosity."

" The old Sultana, my mother, was permitted, after the decease of her lord, to retire from Cairo to this mansion. Until the last inundation but two, of the Nile, we lived here together; but she then quit-

ted this life, to join the Sultan, my father, in Paradise.

" In early childhood, I imbibed from an European attendant an extreme partiality for the Franks;[80] and my mother, either from inclination for their polished manners, or to gratify her favourite child, invited to our banquets all the great among them who visited this city. Among these, was a noble of Venice—he pleased my fancy—he gained my heart; and, unknown to my kindred, I took the marriage vow. Scarcely was I a bride, ere I found myself a widow, for Venice recalled my lord, and on his arrival, being struck with illness, he sent to apprize me. I instantly embarked, but was too late, for he was gone. And now my distress was so violent, that but for a friend, a dear friend (although a foreigner) of my lord, I know not whether Nourrayah might have been secure from her own despair." Here Atheling started —the lady paused, and then went on.

" When I had remained in Venice three revolutions of the moon, I had reason to

suspect

suspect the friend in whom I had trusted; and I secreted myself in the house of a wretched creature, who, for jewels of extraordinary value consented to keep me unknown, till a passage could be secured me. In the mean time, I expected to suffer from her indiscretion, in receiving travellers, who I feared might betray me—but alas!...

"It happened one day that two poor pilgrims earnestly supplicated permission to enter, and my host, either from hospitality, or hope of gain, admitted them. In the next apartment to mine they were lodged. Supposing, as the woman had declared to them, that a sick person was near, they only spoke in whispers. But the younger, from time to time, forgot his caution, and in a sweet harmony, mingled with tenderness and melancholy, broke out. I started and listened, alas! with too much delight. I essayed to gain one glimpse of the charming unknown, for disguised, I was sure he must be, when I perceived, through a small aperture, an eye more brilliant than the evening star; a lip, ruby as the rose of

Damascus; and teeth, whiter than the dew which hangs upon the virgin lily of the Nile, when the sunbeam of morning wakens it. His figure was enveloped in long robes, and the lower part of his countenance was shaded by a vast bush of hair; yet, when he moved, a grandeur stirred in his port, and a noble sweetness fluttered on his brow. Till evening drew him to herself, I gazed, as tears filled my ardent eye; and then, when I might see no longer, I eagerly listened, while soft sighs rose on my pensive bosom. The next day, the cruel host sent away my engaging unknown—methought he had heard my sigh, and gave me pity, even as the wretched relative of that poor being; for, as I strained mine ear for his words, they seemed to grow more gentle, more tender, more lovely. "Stay, gentle stranger," murmured I, in the accent of my country, "stay, sympathising unknown, but a moment, and Nourrayah will accompany thee." But I was not heard, and the strangers departed; Jerusalem, I learned by gold, was their destiny. Unable to forget,

forget, I resolved to follow; the vessel touched at Candia—she was seized, and I was transported to the odious chief of the rebels, who, during two seasons, imprisoned and treated me with cruelty. He would at last have sacrificed my life when he paid the forfeit of his own, but that I was saved by the most generous of heroes, and the most charming of princes."

During this recital, Atheling, with burning blushes and throbbing bosom, fixed his gaze on the ground. That respectful awe with which woman had ever filled his soul, now trembled to its foundation. Tumult rushed in upon his mind; every delicate chain of youthful association and infantine simplicity endured a shock. Dizziness seized his brain; the colours, like the ebbing tide, rose and fell on his cheek. The lady paused—she extended her hand, he saw it not, absorbed in emotions. Haughtily she resumed it, and striking with her foot, her slaves appeared. "Shew the guest to his chamber," said she, "time wears away—I will also withdraw." Edgar rose, and with a trembling lip, attempted

to

to speak, but his voice faltered, and the lady bowed and retired with her female attendants.

Edgar flung himself upon the splendid sopha dressed. He gazed upon the lamps that threw their mild rays over his head, and he imbibed the fragrance of the most exquisite odours. "Heavens!" cried he, "in what enchantment am I? What confusion distracts my sense? What tumult lifts up my heart and throws it back again? My temples beat with fury, my whole frame trembles with dread, with uneasiness, with doubt, with confusion, with remorse. Where am I, alas? Where hast thou led me, beautiful Sultana? What is thy design? Why those strong words, so sweet, so alluring, so dangerous; for these agitations that fill my soul with dread, with tumult, cannot be the feelings of virtue! —Virtue, oh! heavens! Nourrayah, canst thou be virtuous? Should virtuous woman thus address man? And thou, Edgar, and thou? What are these tumults? Lovest thou the beautiful, the charming Nourrayah?—Lovely thou art; yes, thy name is soft,

soft, 'tis sweet, and tender like thee—how gently did thy voice swell on mine ear! What praises to thy enraptured Edgar—thine Edgar? Shall Edgar Atheling marry an Egyptian? marry! oh! powers forbid it! Marriage!—to forget his home, his country, his family? Oh! never—perish the thought. Is then that love which is not to be honoured by marriage, worthy the breast of Mercia's son? Oh, my father! where are your lessons? Oh, Leolf, my friend, my real friend, homely, but faithful, where art thou? Yes, I will accompany thee from this fatal and seducing beauty. Yet heaven knows I suspected not my own heart, I revered the lady—yes, I respected thee, beautiful and too captivating as thou art. I thought virgin chastity dwelt in thy bosom, else would not thy foot have enticed me, nor thy voice have encompassed me with awe. I durst not raise mine eye to thy robe, fearful to offend thy purity; and now, enchanting beauty, I have dared to think of calling myself thine.—Fly from thee? I will kneel at thy feet and kiss the hem of

thy

thy floating garment, and conjure thee to banish every one that would tear me from the roof that revives thy sigh. Nourrayah, thy name shall be graven on the gem of Golconda, and it shall be suspended from my breast—'twill rejoice my soul."

Thus raved the son of Mercia in all the phrenzy of passion; whilst the calm innocence of sleep quitted his pillow, and wept crystal dew in a corner of the apartment. No sweet slumber closed his lids; no pleasing images floated round his imagination; no peaceful serenity gently lifted up his breast; the first rays of light stole round his wild locks, and glanced o'er his flushed cheek. For the first time since his existence, he bent to avoid the beauties of opening day. "Oh light!" cried he, "thou art unwelcome;—how meet her?—how speak to her?—how tell her I must hasten far away—and for ever—ever?—When my soul is enslaved; when she tells me with those beauteous coral lips, she loves me! Oh Leolf, wondrous man, didst thou not guess all? How can I raise my eye to thy severe frown? hitherto, I have not dreaded thee, because

because I thought—oh vanity and wretchedness!—I thought I did not merit thy austerity—but now—why do I not escape?—'Tis day—yes; she still sleeps.—Then is she virtuous, for the innocent alone shall know sweet rest—innocent....."

Atheling struck his forehead with violence—he started up—" how dare I?—oh passion! how hast thou hurried me into presumption?—how dare I suspect the beautiful Sultana?—how has my tongue dishonoured her! Did she say that in me she recognized the young pilgrim, she loved? Oh never! Could she have spoken thus, had she known that the prince and the young pilgrim were one and the same person? Oh never, unjust that I am; did she not say that the pilgrims went to Jerusalem, and did she not stay in Candia contrary to her will? Enough—I will stifle my feelings—she shall not know my weakness—I will see her and depart. Now, at this very moment will I send for Leolf—I will not trust myself."

Edgar rushed from the chamber, and crossed a long gallery—he entered the court-

court-yard. Several attendants appeared. He spoke, but they understood him not. At length one advanced who, in Italian, inquired his wish. "I desire," said Edgar, "to see my friend who arrived in the port yesterday, in a Venetian bark. His name is Leolf, and he is habited as a pilgrim—would you, kind Sir, convey this message?" The attendant profoundly bowed, and spoke in his own language to the slaves who surrounded him—they gazed on one another, and immediately saluting their chief, dispersed.

Atheling now more calm, prepared to meet the Sultana, whom he saw above on the terrace[81] of the mansion, pacing among the rich shrubs, and scattering grain to the tame fig-peckers.

When they met, the lady blushed and presented her hand to Atheling, who, trembling, respectfully touched, and suffered it to glide away. "How have you reposed, Prince?" said the Sultana. Edgar coloured, but gave no reply. "I fear," she continued, "thy couch was not soft—or perhaps—how was it my benefactor?"—

The

The heart of Edgar recoiled at the idea of a falsehood — he answered, " my soul, noble lady, was ruffled ; otherwise, I could have slept on the hard stones of your entrance. And now, oh Sultana, I have sent for my friend, that we may concert measures for our departure ; but deign, madam, to accept of my gratitude, of my respect, for this generous hospitality. This day we will pass in Egypt ; to-morrow, a bark, of which many are doubtless for Tyre, shall convey us to Palestine."

As Edgar finished, Nourrayah shrieked and fell motionless by his side. The Prince agitated and astonished, raised her on his arm. " Oh Sultana ! charming Nourrayah ! alas ! what ails thee—whence this fear, this alarm, that distract me with doubts and perplexity ? What have I said to disturb thy happiness ?—open those radiant eyes—let me once more hear that voice!" The lady awoke ; she looked upon Edgar and then, blushing, smiled—

Now the guardian angel that had attended the side of Edgar from his birth and had assisted his father in screening him from all

but

but the errors of mortality, trembled in his celestial frame, for the safety of his beloved charge. Upward again, in the dreadful emergency he sped to the ministering archangel, who, by a sweet providence, was the same as that he once before addressed, and thus he spoke :—

" Gracious power, to thee again I bend. The dread majesty of the universe hath said, that in the awful hour of temptation he will assist man. My loved charge now struggles with passion. If he should fall, my influence is for ever destroyed. I must, for so is it decreed, spread the wing and quit his side for ever. If he afterwards return to virtue, an inferior spirit may minister consolation and protection, but the sweet serenity, the calm hope, the just and virtuous confidence that I command, can never, never be regained. When I supplicated before, 'twas for his life ; but now, 'tis his virtue, his everlasting happiness. Yet, benign celestial, the great effort of man who stops his rolling body half way down the precipice, this has he made ; he has made one effort of virtue ;

oh !

oh! if it be Omnipotent will, let him be saved!"

The beauteous archangel dropped a tear on the weakness of fallen man, and gathering it on the robe of the visitor, said, "yes, exalted spirit, the word of Omniscience shall stand when that frail earth shall have vanished in smoke. The Lord hath said, he will listen to the cry of mortal man in the hour of distress; and none ever applied in vain to his throne. Fly to thy charge; the fold of thy robe is moistened by a celestial dew; touch the lip of the youth; chastisement shall light on him, but it shall be the chastisement of mercy. The Almighty will not touch his life: he loves virtuous youth, and the sight of a young eye looking on heaven, a young knee prostrate, a young lip sounding his praise, are well pleasing before Him. Hasten then, kind angel—lead thy charge through the turbulent walks of human existence, and after he has cast off mortality, thou shalt enjoy the exquisite bliss of shewing him up, thyself, to the glorious assembly of the just made perfect." "I salute thee, and retire; blessed

blessed unfolder of divine will," answered the visitant; " and thou, Omnipotence, who willest not that man should die in sin, but that he live and repent, glory to thee, oh Father of Mercy!"

Thus breathed the protecting angel—whilst the vast concave of heaven's golden porch rang in swelling echoes of praise to Divine Majesty and forbearance. Instantly the spirit lighted on earth, and approaching his charge, raised the vest, and turning his pure gaze from the glowing eye of Edgar, who still supported the recovering Nourrayah, he touched his lip, and severe retreated from the chamber.

No sooner had the sacred moisture met the gasp of Edgar, than a livid hue overspread his features, trembling seized his whole body, and he fell backward on the couch. Nourrayah started up, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, " he is dead! the hand of death is upon him." Shuddering, she hastily fled, and called in her attendants. With dread they approached; but none dared to touch the disfigured body of a Christian. " Support him to the

open

open air! he may yet recover;" cried the lady. Again she spoke, but the slaves, for the first time, disobeyed her voice. "Oh, noblest of the faithful," said the chief of the attendants, casting himself at her feet, and presenting his scymetar, "take the life, but respect the[82] faith of thy slave." Nourrayah seized the weapon, and aiming a furious stroke, cleft the cheek of the suppliant. He viewed the crimson flow, and raising his vest to staunch it, profoundly bowed, and quitted the presence of his mistress. The slaves prostrated themselves as the Mameluke had done, each resolved to die sooner than violate his customs. But suddenly the Prince awoke, and with a ghastly stare, muttered a few incoherent words. "Alas! where am I," at last he cried, "a sword—blood!"—"'Tis nothing, gentle Prince," returned the Sultana; "my slave refused obedience, and I touched him with his own weapon." "Oh horrible!" exclaimed Edgar—he rose up, but again the dreadful malady whirled his brain in a vortex, curdled the blood round his struggling heart; his lip changed to deep

deep purple, and again he was sinking to the earth—with a violent effort he cried, " air—breath—I die!"

Nourrayah in vain commanded. At length, she thought of the pilgrim, and in haste dispatched a messenger for him. Leolf was sitting at the gate, ruminating the means of enticing away his companion. To every one that had entered, he had, from day-break said, " tell the guest a pilgrim waits without, to see him;" but none had dared deliver the message, excepting to the Sultana, who now recollected, and ordered him to be admitted. The cautious Leolf would not pass the walls till the lady herself appeared at the gate, and swore by the Prophet he should depart whenever he might please. Then he entered; and in his strong grasp bore the convulsed Edgar, and laid him under the thick shade of a knot of cypress and date trees, in the gardens behind the palace. There Nourrayah would not follow; but she dispatched a slave every instant to enquire after him.

Now Atheling a little revived, and cast his

his eye upon the frowning Leolf, who gazed earnest upon him. "Oh Leolf, art thou here?" exclaimed he; and he leaned over to clasp him to his breast; but his heart again sickened, and he fell against the tree. "I come to see thee die by poison," exclaimed Leolf, in his native language. "I tell thee, that malignant woman has poisoned thee." "Oh, heavens," murmured Edgar—"surely, surely not—but—may heaven forgive her—if—and me—." Again the convulsion seized him.

Leolf paused to contemplate the noble countenance that was distorted by the ravage of distemper—he looked, and the breast of Leolf sent forth a sigh. "Oh, man, supreme in wretchedness thou art," cried he, "what is high birth? since Princes must die. What is glory? for a hero rolls in the dust. What is youth? since distemper can level it with Nature's decay. What is beauty? since Edgar Atheling is changed in a moment to a spectacle of horror. And what is virtue? since Leolf can sigh over its fall!" The

old pilgrim smote his breast, looked again on his friend, and with gloomy port moved towards the palace.

Nourrayah advanced to the threshold to meet him. "Lady," said he, "I doubt whether the young Prince be able to survive the day—his malady is dreadful. If there be a chance, it must lie in quitting these shores." "Old man," answered the lady, with a disdainful smile, "I know what thou wouldst—I see thy design—the Prince shall not pass these walls either till life ceases, or that he is recovered—thou mayst retire." Leolf bowed. "Lady," said he, "with affected gentleness, I obey. Permit me one look at the suffering hero, and I depart." Nourrayah feared to oppose him, and he hastened to Atheling. "Sir," whispered he, "I have often told you my fears of woman. I must quit you—if you have resolution, and are struck with but transient illness, follow. I shall leave these hateful shores to-night. A vessel has engaged to receive me on board for Cyprus—all I can, is done for you—I dare stay no longer—the bark rides at

at anchor near the old Pharos of Ptolemy, at the very entrance of the harbour—farewell!—rouse, or be for ever lost!"

Atheling a little recovered, on these words attempted to rise, and follow the pilgrim, but in vain. Strong torture shot across his temples, he reeled and fell in the dust. Leolf passed on, and reached the gate; it opened and closed upon him. Edgar heard the noise, and with a deep groan and terrible anguish, threw himself upon his knee. "Help me, good people," he cried, "lend but your hand—suffer me but to touch your robe for support—I must see the Sultana."

But the slaves frightened at his desperate gestures and swollen visage, quickly withdrew—only one remained—the chief—the wounded Mameluke. He rolled his eye around—he advanced to Atheling—he bent. "Christian," said he, in a low voice, "silence; the Sultana forbids your departure, you must remain here." "By what right can the lady detain me?" said Edgar. "I will leave Alexandria ill or well this night, I tell thee."

"Peace, stranger;" returned the man, still discoursing in Italian. "I have heard Europeans talk of right, but we hold other language. My lady is powerful in Alexandria. A band of honourable Mamelukes wait but her command, to enforce obedience to her will. The reigning Caliph loves his sister, and is ready to send from Cairo any further support she may require. Right will not avail. Yet I see a way. First, canst thou be secret?" "As the grave;" replied Atheling, in a hollow murmur. "Secondly, the reward?"—The Prince, with strong exertion, broke off the remainder of the jewels in his father's sword—"half of these;" stammered he, almost inarticulate, "if thou will convert them into money and"—he stopped. A dreadful palpitation swung his heart to and fro, and he gasped for existence. "Enough," replied the attendant, "come on—lean on the staff—meet the Sultana, tell her you desire not to leave Egypt yet." "Oh, never, never, friend; not to save my wretched existence will I utter a falsehood," said Edgar. The Mameluke replied not;

not; and Atheling crawled with tottering step after him.

Nourrayah who had from the terrace watched every movement, now hastily descended. Eager smiles lighted her features as Edgar sank on the sopha, although speechless with lassitude and pain. "Welcome, my Prince," said she, tenderly leaning over him, "thou wilt soon be well—thou art already mending, and Nourrayah shall attend thee." "Oh lady," returned Edgar, with tremulous voice, "oh, that I were in mine own country; 'tis sweet to look on surrounding relatives from the bed of death." "Talk not of thy country, nor of death, engaging hero;" said she, "what relative can be so tender as Nourrayah, and what air is so sweet as that of Egypt? No, gentle Prince, Nourrayah will not so lose the lord of her affections—alas! what has she said—yet—she cannot retract—oh, Atheling, live for the Sultana of Egypt."

The heart of Edgar again throbbed high; but the lady moving forward, he beheld on her robe some stains of the Mameluke's blood, which she had not thought

to remove; his heart recoiled—dreadful pangs smote his breast—sense flitted away, and he remained to appearance dead.

Now the Sultana, in despair, tore off her veil, and rushing out, commanded a man of physic to be sent. One presently arrived: he examined Atheling, and baring his arm, opened a vein, and drew from thence a copious stream of the dark and boiling flood of life. The sufferer breathed more free. "Let him now rest," said the operator; "I will give this drug, which shall lull him to repose. Let every one quit the chamber; the Sultana herself shall hold the key. To-morrow, at this hour, I will return. So powerful is the drug, that renewed life or death shall be the result by to-morrow's dawn; yet mark; if but a foot stir in the palace, that may awaken him before the hour, all is over, and he dies."

Nourrayah trembled, as she heard the sentence; and the wise man having forced between the lips of Edgar the powder, every one left the chamber; and Nourrayah having fastened the lock, put the key in her

her belt, and hastened to her own apartment, in which she commanded to be left unmolested the whole day.

The powerful sudorific drew round the frame of Atheling a deep lethargy, and in profound sleep he remained. Day flitted aside, and black darkness seemed to favour the design of the chief of the attendants. No sooner did Nature veil his attempt, than by a small door he cautiously entered the chamber. The hour for the operation to end, arrived; he drew near the sleeping Prince, and leaned low over him. "Awake!" said he in a hollow voice: "silence!"—Edgar, confounded, stupified, rose up. "Where—who speaks?"—"Hush! follow!" whispered the Mameluke; "remember him to whom you gave your jewels." Atheling, still confused, with benumbed limbs, and whirling brain, had yet some inward perception of the converse of the morning. He rose, feeble, unsteady, perplexed, and grasping the attendant's robe, followed. Softly closed the door, and in darkness they crept through a narrow passage, and then passed a few steps;

the air blew fresh. "Hush," whispered the conductor, "we are under the Sultana: creep behind me." A small iron grate was lifted, under which both crawled with difficulty; and now they found themselves in the gardens of the palace. The Mameluke drew Edgar round among the shrubs, and silent they passed to the end. From beneath his ample vestment the attendant produced a hempen ladder, and hooking it on the wall, as a few twinkling stars rose to guide his hand, "now mount," said he to Edgar. Atheling, freshened by the air, exerted himself, passed the wall, and alighted on the other side. The man followed, and pulling the friendly steps after him, rushed on.

Soon they were near the port, when Edgar, almost exhausted by sickness and agitation, begged a few moments respite. "We have good time," said the attendant, "sit down under yon projecting mound, and breathe."

"Generous stranger!" said Atheling, "how can I ever sufficiently thank thee for my preservation; but I fear for thee, if thy

thy lady should suspect that I have given assistance."

"Stranger," answered the Mameluke, "attend, and praise and fear may cease. By the glare of yon moon which rises, observe this disfigured visage, bandaged in linen. 'Twas the stroke of Nourrayah with my own blade, given in the fury of passion, because I supplicated for my faith. Long have I served, and faithfully, the proud descendants of the last Caliph, but my zeal, my love, my submission to their imperious mandates avail nought. Struck?—ah! did not my blood spout from me, and fly blushing for Nourrayah, even to the fold of her robe?—A Mameluke! the body guard of monarchs?"[85] but mark, stranger: the injured may perhaps sleep awhile, and then waken to count their own numbers—hah! has a servant never been master? Has not water supported life, and then destroyed? But enough—let us walk forward."

"Stranger," continued the attendant, "know that I instantly understood the feelings of the Sultana towards you when she entered the palace. With profound

hatred to the Franks, and in anxiety for the honour of the Caliph's race, I had determined on your destruction." "On mine?" repeated Edgar. "A moment!" interrupted the Mameluke. "I had determined to slightly touch you with an envenomed scymitar whilst you slept, and then to have hurried to Cairo for refuge with the Sultan. This scymitar incautiously I drew, and Nourrayah sheathed it in my flesh. My death is now certain, but slow." "Oh eternal justice!" cried Edgar, with uplifted hands. "Hush!" murmured the attendant. "I hastened from the presence of the lady, all fired with the delicious hope of revenge. You were the first victim upon which I thought—your life was easy to take in unguarded moments; but in cutting you off from mankind, I could not hide your corpse from the passionate eye of Nourrayah, who would have felt a mournful greediness for embalming and caressing you even in eternal sleep. No revenge could be so sweet and full as this. To assist you in your escape; to drive you from the coast; and then to witness her distraction,

distraction, fury, madness, and torture. All these, even in contemplation, cheer my soul; for I shall break out these truths one by one, and laugh over the locks plucked from her head, the bruises on her bosom from her own hand, the glare horribly flashing from her eye, as she will join her fine hands round my throat to strangulation, for well I know the passions of Nourrayah. The plot was mine—the man of physic I secured—the jewels I return—what is money to me, a wretch under the claw of death? Yonder boat I have secured for thee—go; the vessel should be now raising the anchor. The men have directions—away; be swift! and everlasting misery, horrours, and death be thy lot for the fatal deed of Nourrayah."

"Oh dreadful—most dreadful!" exclaimed the Prince, as the Mameluke thrust the jewels in his hand, and fled. "Nourrayah—Oh what passions! let me touch no longer this dreadful soil. Oh heaven! from what a precipice—my senses!" With hasty step he gained the boat. "The name? quick?" said a voice, in the loved

a cents of England. "Atheling," answered the Prince. "Welcome, my lord," echoed from three voices. "Hasten, Sir," cried a fourth, sternly. "My friends—Englishmen—my beloved countrymen—my faithful friend—my Leolf—and to an English vessel—from Nourr...—mercy!"

Every big and swelling passion of the human breast was stirring within the Prince, and nature bent under the conflict. Edgar clasped his hands, shut the eye, and sitting down, was silent. Meantime the bark pushed off, and rapidly cut the waves. A small beam of the silver moon trembled on the white surge. Two or three flocks of those innocent birds,[84] which taught by the little whisper of instinct when other shores are decked in beauty, or fanned by congenial winds, now hurried by; and panting with joy at the glimpse of land, dropped in multitudes on the shores; whilst, in the high reeds skirting the canals of the Delta, the nightingale[85] already arrived from European groves, perched, not to sing her sweet melodies, but to mourn over the less generous haunts of man.

The

The boat reached the ship, and ropes were speedily let down to assist the little company. Every one arose but Atheling. "Come, Sir," cried Leolf, sternly, for he dreaded the heart of the hero meditated on Nourrayah. Atheling replied not; his head drooped over his chest, yet he did not speak. Leolf exasperated, raised him in his strong arm, and hurried him upward to the vessel. The commander approached with the honest and generous openness of his country, and in animated words gave him welcome. "My friends," said he to his men, "a hero of Poictiers is in our heart of oak!" No sooner had the words passed, than three strong salutes from their glowing bosoms burst forth, and swelled in air. The Prince made no reply, but stood fixed. "Give a lamp," exclaimed Leolf; "now I know all is not right; for never would he have been silent." The taper was raised to his cheek —every one started backward. Horror and fright stood in his altered and glaring eye—his cheek was deathly as the pale violet hood that winks over the enraged turkey's

turkey's bill; and then the colour flashed red as the same hood, when it changes to blood. The captain took his icy hand with respect, and led him to the steps to descend. Atheling stupified, suffered himself to be dragged on; but no sooner had he reached the head of the flight, than a mist spread before him, his brain whirled round, his limbs bent under him, and he was instantly precipitated to the chamber below.

In a moment, a dozen of humane arms were stretched to raise him; but he was to all appearance lifeless. With haste, the honest sailors, assisted by their commander, took off his armour and stretched him on a bed; whilst every one shewed his natural sensibility and his anxiety in the life of a fellow creature. One chafed his cold hand, another applied to the temples the strong acid of wine; another supported his head, and the commander himself held a small cup of diluted spirit, and endeavoured to introduce it, drop by drop, between the clenched teeth of the unhappy prince. At length he sighed deeply, and wildly gazed

gazed around. "Nourrayah," said he, "oh! turn away thy robe; there! I see it sprinkled with blood—thine own faithful servant too!—Hark, 'tis the din, the clash of arms—quick to battle, Nourrayah, to battle. Didst thou then use the sword in battle?—When was it?—Hush, let her speak—she sighs; Nourrayah, when was it? No, answer not; speak not. I thought thou hadst been a woman—lovely, gentle, tender. Mameluke spare her—hark!—her groans—her shrieks—oh! how wide and terrible are those dark eyes. I thought 'twas the Sultana—let me quit the shores, let me go, Mameluke; oh, horrible!—Wilt thou then die in the midst of such dreadful sins? Revenge—oh! repent, repent!—Fare thee well!—yes, even though thy horrible curse still rings in mine ear—break quickly, my head—split to pieces!—oh, how heavy the hammer strikes—hark, how it rings on the brain!—hark!....."

Such was the phrenzy of Atheling, whilst the superior arteries of his frame, with amazing quickness, swelled to higher and stronger beats; the glaring eye, fiery cheek,

cheek, parched lip, burning hand, and agitated body, gave strong evidence of violent disorder, and the captain judged it prudent to dismiss every attendant but one, to whom he recommended nice caution; and then returned to his duty.

A fine breeze curved the white sails, and the vessel parted the current with rapid and graceful motion. The faithful mariner at the helm, gently assisted the effort of the keel, as he gazed every moment upon the emblem of constancy, the trusty magnet, which looked and looked for ever in trembling joy, towards the knob of earth, which, peradventure first felt the impress of Almighty creation; he gazed upon the conscious needle, and then turned his eye on the starry heavens; and, though he rejoiced in their brilliancy, yet shook his head, and confessed that the little guide before him spoke plainer signs than they; for the seaman was old, and he remembered the hour when he led on the ship trembling and fearful, as the starry lamps put out their lights, that he had no monitor to direct his course and inspire him with confidence.

confidence. "People of China,[86] we salute ye! a grateful nation salutes ye for the inestimable gift. A nation surrounded by billows, that cannot see other empires without casting herself in the vessel. A nation that ploughs the waters that gird the whole world, bends to ye, in gratitude for the precious gift. Accept our thanks, industrious people, and indefatigable; and smile in the sweet idea of having, by the imparted secret, saved the lives of millions of fellow mortals."

Leolf visited the bed of sickness, but he shuddered at the sight so dreadful, of man bereaved of the first pledge of his immortality. Leolf gazed for a moment on the Prince, and then started in his senseless ravings, and speedily fled to a remote corner of the vessel; and there silent, he counted over in thought the miseries of existence, and never once reflected on its numberless charms.

The sufferings of Atheling increased till the fourth day, when the Isle of Cyprus appeared in sight; and soon after, the British ship sailed with majesty into the port.

No

No sooner had the captain delivered to the principal officer the name of his guest, than the young Peter de Lusignan, son to the valiant King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, having watched the vessel's entrance, flung himself into a boat, and commanded to be shewn to his former friend. Edgar knew him not; and the change of several years, together with the appearance of his illness and wan countenance, so touched the quick feelings of the young Asiatic, that his eye filled with grief, and he turned away. "Let him, I entreat," said he to the captain, "be transported to the shore, where the physician of the court shall attend, and he shall have every care." The Briton hesitated through prudence; but eastern impetuosity would not be resisted, and Atheling was conveyed in a litter, still insensible, but calm, to the royal apartments. Leolf, unwilling to quit his young friend, determined also to wait the issue of his disorder; and the vessel steered for Tyre, according to her instructions.

Atheling continued quiet during several hours, and then a sweet and placid sleep lulled

lulled away all sense of sorrow, passion, tumult, and pain. The Cypriot Prince gently lowered the light drapery that floated round the casement, and issued a command that all should be still as death. A soft air insinuated itself round the chamber, bearing in its swell, a thousand rich perfumes of autumnal luxuriance; the white orange and lemon blossom sported with the little caressing zephyr; the olive and the nodding almond smiled in their pastime. Birds danced on the boughs, and warbled on the edge of silver basons; whilst the neighbouring cultivated mountain sent forth such myriads of sweet-scented particles to ride on the aerial stream, that the bee grew saucy in quaffing proofs of store inexhaustible.

Then it was that the guardian angel approached near to Edgar, and looked down upon him with pity, sweetness, and benign love. Over the couch of the Prince, he hovered; and thus breathed in still whispers the words of comfort, whilst thousands of attendant innocents fluttered around him, and hung on the celestial voice with

the smile of rapture, and in the tender diffidence of present exalted beatitude.

" Enough, oh man! thy suffering has been poignant, but thou art saved. From this moment cease, ye racking pains that gripe the fibres of this frail body; thou film, that hung over his brain, rise and depart; be calm, boiling liquid of life; and hush, thou agitated throb against the heaving breast. Thou hast not fallen into nothing, oh man, for the Omnipotent, merciful, and all bounteous, afflicted thee that thou mightst not see death; thou art brought low, that thou mayst dread the path of evil, and turn away from the assault of temptation. Sorrow has encompassed thee round about, but it shall glide away as a dream, and be remembered only as a chastisement of mercy. The Almighty will not afflict weak man beyond what he is able: be comforted, thou flower of mortality, be comforted; angels weep on the sorrows of Adam's race; but their tears cease, and the golden harps swell in praises of thanksgiving and joy over him whose griefs have stopped him short in the career

of

of guilt, and have produced repentance and forgiveness.

" Approach, heavenly innocents, and resume your charge; some amongst ye, flutter round his perishing frame, and let it blow as a parched bud, which raises its languid head to the first grateful glittering of dew. The sweet and refreshing slumber, give him in ample portions; swell the hollow cheek, and with pure touch, let fresher tints than ever yet graced it, rise in the full beauty of manhood. Chase away the glazed and livid surface from the lip, and let it blush deep vermilion; give to the dimmed eye bright majesty tempered by modest consciousness of virtue; and restring every exhausted sinew, that he may rise anew from the bed of humiliation, and that his failings be remembered no more. I myself will take the pre-eminent seat in his mind, and I will lead up his views to his deliverance, to the favours granted him, to divine goodness, and to mistrust of his own strength. Great is the mercy granted him, for much has he resisted sin, and the devout prayers and anxious precepts of his virtuous

virtuous parents, rise up as sweet and powerful memorials before the throne of heaven."

No sooner had the spirit ceased, than the innocents, with a tear of hallowed joy, pressed lovely forward to kiss the bright plumes of his wing; gently the guardian returned the caress, and instantly every one moved with sacred delight to his trust; whilst the shout that rang round heaven, at the re-instatement of a mortal in the path of grace, swept through earth's concave, and fell harmonious and ravishing, on the senses of the enraptured throng.

The Prince of Cyprus at this moment, entered softly the apartment, attended by his young sister, the Princess Berengaria, aged of scarcely thirteen summers. They listened—all was still. De Lusignan lightly drew aside the drapery of the couch; but how changed was the scene! The breath of Atheling was so soft, so regular that the silken coverlid hardly rose with the effort; the brow no longer frowned the eye was just closed; the lashes in graceful negligence reposed on the cheek which

which although wan, was yet gently relaxed by a placid smile; the altered lip was scarcely severed, yet a line of pearls dazzled on the nether side. "My brother," said the young maid, "methinks I should like to sleep thus myself; once I saw thy slumber, but it was not so soft."—"Hush!" replied the Royal Cypriot, "hush, let us retire," and he led her away. "Brother, surely that chamber never so before calmed one's thought? 'twas very still, and I imagined the sick Briton had been very greatly tortured, and very mad; my nurse tells me there is such a distemper as madness; and I thought the stranger had been mad," continued the Princess as she leaned on her brother, to go to her apartments. "Who told thee he was mad, child?" asked the brother. "Truly, my lord," answered the maiden, "it was a pilgrim whom I just now met in the gallery. My favourite told me he was the friend of the English Prince, and I spoke to the old man. He frowned and started, as he saw me; and I heard him mutter in his own tongue, "Another Nourrayah!" Then I ad-

addressed him in imperfect accents, such as thou hast taught me, of his country; and I asked if the Princess of Cyprus resembled any friend of the name he mentioned? he blushed deeply, hesitated, and said "No." Then I judged by his confusion, that some one, called Nourrayah, might have left him to deplore her loss; and I instantly shifted the conversation; for thou rememberest, my brother, how sad we were when the Queen was mentioned, long, very long, after she slept in the cold tomb. I asked the pilgrim concerning our guest, and he said that an illness had stifled all sense during several days, and that he could not endure the sight of a lady. Then the old man turned away, and I followed thee, determined to take the sad view of man, with eyes yet blind; feet yet helpless; speech yet never to the purpose. Brother, if the stranger be mad, methinks there is a prettiness in that disorder. Shouldst thou not wish to see Berengaria mad, brother?" said the young Princess. "No, I assure thee, my little pearl," answered the Cypriot; "thy brother would rather that thou shouldst

shouldst be as thou art. But I retire; I am anxious for the waking of my friend."

But Atheling awakened not. Night leaned forward, and threw around her sable curtain; but the sleep of the favoured Prince was sweet and profound: beyond the dawn of the next day it lasted, and Leolf with astonishment, crept to the couch, fearful that it might be the last great insensibility of nature, but he heard the soft breathing, and marked the graceful alteration; as he gazed, the sweet and placid dream snapped, and melted away; the eye of the Prince met with joy that of Leolf, and so sweetly tuned was his soul, that he essayed to spring upward, and grasp the hand of his old companion; but his limb was feeble, and trembled to the exertion; then he fell again on his pillow, still beaming in hope and joy, and in clear and harmonious voice, thus broke into speech:—

"Welcome, my friend, welcome, glorious day! that once more smilest on my frame; welcome, beauteous creation! fresh as if thou wert but just formed by the hand of

Omnipotence. All hail! oh, my Maker, for this return of existence; I ask not where I am; I inquire not how vanished my sufferings; all I know is, that the agonies of death were upon me, yet I live; that my soul was plunged in roaring tumults, yet I can now smile in joy; that I was rushing towards the pit of destruction, yet a merciful Almighty deigned to stretch forth his strong arm and save me. Oh, mercy! joy! hope! goodness! wonder! Am I not a worm, a miserable worm, formed of the dust? Of the dust wherewith Thou madest an ant, didst thou not make me, Lord? What am I, that Thou shouldst turn me aside from destruction? What am I that Thou shouldst look from a throne of eternity and never-fading glory down, even unto me? What act of my poor life has merited such gracious condescension? Even were my best endeavours clashed together, what would they be in thy presence, who art all-perfect? Oh, my God, melt my heart within me in gratitude; teach my frail tongue to swell thy praise, and deign still

still to look upon me, who live a monument of thy forbearance and mercy."

Thus rose the ardent voice of Edgar, who clasped his hands in the fervency of devotion. Leolf trembled with awe; insensibly his knee bent; so commanding is the strong majesty of piety. De Lusignan was entering the chamber, as the address rose from the lip of Atheling, and he stood fixed in respectful silence, with his eye cast to the ground, till the voice ceased. Edgar continued his thanksgiving, but inwardly; and then feeling weakness gather round his exhausted frame, he relaxed strong thoughts, and remained in sweet composure.

Then the Cypriot Prince moved towards him, and raising the curtain, gently said, "How dost thou, Atheling? Canst thou recollect the son of the King of Cyprus?" Edgar, with placid joy, extended his arms to meet his embrace. "Well do I remember thee, my friend," answered he, "am I indeed under thy roof?"—"Yes," cried de Lusignan, "in my father's kingdom, entrusted to a steady council and his son,

during his absence in France and Jerusalem."—"In France?" said Atheling, "is thy royal father so near to England?"—"He has spent some time even in England,"* answered the eastern Prince, "and he should be now in Bourdeaux, the city of your renowned Black Prince; for he has declared in his last advices, and publicly too, that he could never think he had done or seen aught worthy of notice,† till he had beheld the noblest captain, and most virtuous Prince of Christendom."—"Did the generous monarch indeed say thus?" asked Edgar, whilst a flash of delight kindled in his eye. "How magnanimous!" and he stopped, for happy emotion swelled his breast.

De Lusignan saw the languor of his guest, and judged it prudent to leave him awhile; and in the mean time sent to his apartment purple clusters of the rich vine, the fragrant and exquisite food of the bee, fresh drawn streams from the young mountain goat, the pulverized millet formed into thin cakes, and the luscious fig, with the sweet

* Speed. Rapin. † Collins. Speed. Rapin.

sweet wines of the Olympian mount. Atheling partook of the repast with gratitude and temperance. After it was finished, he was assisted to the bath; and then, wrapped in long robes, he with exertion reached the saloon, where his royal friend impatiently expected him.

The timid and simple Berengaria was seated at the upper end, with the favourite lady of her train; and would have fled when she perceived the English Prince, but her brother detained, and led Atheling forward to pay his homage. This done, Edgar respectfully stood, till the young maid, distressed by his exhausted look, tacitly seconded the intreaties of de Lusignan, who earnestly petitioned him to take to the sopha; but yet the Princess, confounded by the presence of the stranger, looked incessantly towards the door; when her brother seized her hand, and smiling said, "Berengaria, thou art ever teazing me for stories, and marvellous travels, and histories of countries afar off: now, sure I am, that my friend the Lord Atheling will tell thee his own story, and that of Britan-

nia also, whilst we are so happy to detain him here; will you not, my lord?" Edgar smiled at the simplicity of the royal maid, and bowed in acquiescence. "There," cried de Lusignan, "banish thy fears; for my lord and thou shall be good friends; since thou art fond of tales, he will tell thee marvellous ones. Full well I remember, that he could at college even write stories in verse. Thus he will kindly amuse thee, and in return thou shalt strike out, with those little fingers, sweet sounds from the Spanish lute sent thee from Spain, and I will recline near, and quaff the fragrant herb of eastern growth."[87]

The Princess smiled; and drawing close to her brother, whispered, "my favourite shall stay with me, for she too loves tales; and perchance the English Prince may wish for his friend, for thou knowest, my brother, when I tell thee a story,[88] I sometimes hesitate, and my attendant assists me; the Englishman may forget like me, and require his old man." De Lusignan laughed, and raising his voice, answered, "be it so, my little gem. Atheling, when

when thou wouldst recite thy wondrous story, have a care that thy old friend be near to aid thy memory, for so my sister commands." — "The Princess shall be obeyed," replied Edgar, with animated eye; "and I doubt not, but an unpractised soldier may oft require correction and assistance, when he presumes to offer amusement to the nice ear of a young and gentle lady."

The maid was pleased with the courtesy of Edgar, and drawing her hand from the royal Cypriot, smiled and withdrew, intent upon adorning her slender person, to meet her guest in the evening; and delighted with the expected entertainment. During several evenings, however, she could not be gratified, for Atheling, fatigued, retired with the setting sun. But at length, his spirits being recruited, he respectfully led the young Princess, when she entered the saloon, to an elevated and glittering canopy; the favourite rested at her feet, and the heir to the throne of Cyprus leaned on his sopha. Atheling, by the lady's command, stationed himself immediately oppo-

site, at some paces distant, and the sullen Leolf with much difficulty was prevailed on to stand by. During the relation of Edgar, the virgins[89] and mutes of the royal train stole softly in the apartment, and scattered odoriferous waters and fresh flowers on the ground, and presented to the company sherbet, wines, ices, and fruits.

But as Atheling felt some confusion, and hesitated, the Cypriot Prince suddenly rose up and whispered, " if the Princess see that thou art confounded, she will immediately judge that thou art not perfect in thy information, therefore do not pause ; thou wilt forfeit her good opinion, for she is breathless nearly with impatience. Be plain in thy language, or she will not comprehend thee, for our maids are not educated as are those of thy country. My sister is a little cherished plant, and the King hath ever indulged her humours and prattle."

Edgar bowed ; and raising his eye, observed that the Princess leaned forward with anxiety, to catch the least word, whilst she turned round in impatience the late

late Queen's magnificent jewel bracelet, that half concealed her slender arm.

Atheling immediately began:

THE QUEEN OF THE ISLES.

"At the distance of seventeen hundred miles from this island, there lives a queen of such noble descent, that she can trace back her genealogy for generations before the birth of the Redeemer."

"Tell me, Prince," interrupted the lady Berengaria, "the age of this queen?"

"Her age, noble lady," answered Atheling, "is reckoned to be one thousand three hundred and sixty years from the christian era, and she is still in the bloom of youth and loveliness."

The Princess Berengaria clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "charming! the tale begins as do those of the east."

"Nevertheless, madam," answered Atheling, "I shall tell your highness but the truth. This queen has many relatives around her, whom she loves with extreme tenderness; but her sisters, who are queens dependent upon her, are her chief pride,

next to the noble race to whom she is guardian. But, ere I advance further, permit me to acquaint your highness with her person and peculiarities.

"The frame of this wondrous personage is of the noblest height, and every limb is exquisitely proportioned; her aspect is grand and prepossessing; her voice is powerful, yet sweet; tyrants tremble at its threat, and a babe smiles in its caress. Her dress is varied and costly, elegant and luxuriant. In grassy green she most delights, and the colours of the bow of heaven are not more sweetly blended than the shades of this her favourite hue, from deep black green up to the fading aqua marina of her vestments. The hem of her garment is fringed entirely by a depth of waving silver; and on her bosom are necklaces of brilliant gems and pearls, that are envied by several powerful states [90] of the world. With this wondrous beauty and grandeur, and the delicacy she is known to possess, she is endowed with a vigour of constitution that seems to defy every dart of time, and with a bloom that gains increase

crease with every added year; for she is still so attractive in the charms of youth, magnificence, and natural graces, that all the young princes, her neighbours, sigh for permission to throw themselves at her feet—but they sigh in vain; for the queen refuses every offer, resolved never again to form any matrimonial alliance.

"What!" exclaimed the Cypriot Princess, "has this beautiful lady ever been united?"—"She has once married, Madam," answered Atheling, "as I will presently explain—but suffer me to proceed to something of her character."

"The Queen of the Isles, or, as she is familiarly called by those who tenderly love her, Britannia, that being her virgin name, and Anglia her wedded one,—is high-minded, generous, sincere and just; magnanimous in her councils; spirited in her actions, and cautious in her judgments; open-hearted and liberal to excess in her dealings, and of an unconquerable perseverance in every honourable pursuit; steadfast in friendship, undaunted in trust. She has a feminine reserve to strangers,

and yet never refuses the rites of hospitality to any who may advance and require them. She is devout, charitable and unostentatious; and so extreme is her sensibility, that a tear gushes into her eye, oftener for the miseries of others than for herself. With all these great qualities, this beautiful and magnanimous queen is at times mournful, melancholy, and in tears; sighs heave her pure bosom, and chrystal drops gather in her eye. But when she recovers her serenity, the sweet inhabitant of the grove warbles for joy; the little brook murmurs in echo; old ocean smoothes down his ruffled wave, and all nature looks harmony and love.

"Anglia, so highly gifted by Providence, is also, perhaps, at this time, as highly accomplished in science and art as any monarch existing, if we except the haughty elected prince who lives now where the aged Empress Roma died. Anglia has a soul to enjoy every mental attainment; and, as I observed, a perseverance after every knowledge which no obstacle can daunt. Of poetry [91] and music, she has been,

been, from infancy, so passionately fond, that to comply with her taste, the very laws [92] of her realm were written in verse when she was a child, and all her subjects learned and generally sang them to music. In painting, she has also made a noble proficiency, as may be seen in her churches and large edifices. [93] The stately buildings she has planned and consecrated to divine service, are raised by her care to such stupendous heights, [94] are of such majestic proportion, and of such proud durability, that it is a doubt whether succeeding ages will be ever able to destroy them to their foundation, when time shall have bent the highest turrets, and have demanded reparation for his own wrongs. In lesser arts she has for many centuries shewed her abilities. Cities which adorn her state, and which she herself has superintended, are built of clay, burned into a beautiful and compact substance, and then cemented together; [95] or, of fine timber, from her noble and proud forests; or, of dazzling stone, from her fruitful quarries. And these cities, ornamented by spacious palaces

laces that unite in forming an ornament and a security, are all from designs of the queen. The grand fleets that have for so many ages ploughed to every quarter of the known world, are built and supported by her genius and opulence. Even the mechanic arts, she has long befriended and studied. The working of metals; the weaving of substances; the constructing of numberless articles of utility, and even luxury, have all obtained her notice, and been improved in her exertion.

"To agriculture the queen has been partial from first infancy; and, a thousand years ago, [96] having received a present of some vines, she employed such care in training them, that she has had, and now has, wines of her own growth, of uncommon flavour and excellence. Her grain she has bestowed on hungry nations,[97] and has saved the lives of millions, even after her own wants were supplied, and her granaries filled. With the woolly coats of vast flocks of her animals,[98] she traffics over Europe; and the minerals and fossils which she exports from magazines [99] hundreds of miles

miles in length, are alone sufficient to fill her treasury with riches. No study is too deep for her capacious mind, no undertaking too bold for her original and vigorous genius to accomplish; and, as the loftiest virtues are enforced by her example, so her subjects are ready to dissolve in joy upon a smile from her, and to shed every drop of blood in her defence."

The Princess Berengaria here interrupted Atheling. "I do not wonder, my lord, at the love of subjects for so charming and matchless a queen. I am impatient to hear of her choice. Thou hast said she married —alas! who could deserve so glorious a lady?"

"It is the fate of royalty, Madam," replied the prince, "to make affection a secondary consideration in the article of marriage. Vast are the privileges of majesty: upon its happiness we may not calculate, excepting with the eminently good. And a revered king, who is never seen but to be hailed; who is never thought upon, but to be blessed—this object may, if any can,

draw

draw angels to the verge of heaven, to lean and gaze. Royalty must pay then its pre-eminence over mankind, by sacrificing, when sacrifice is requisite, to the good of nations; and be content to drop some private feeling for the advancement of public interest. Thus the royal couple are seldom acquainted before the uttering of the sacred vow. The princess is given to her consort, and she timidly raises her eye to catch the first glance of her future companion; whilst the royal bridegroom, not less anxious, hastens the meeting, and bends to her feet in proud hope from the virtues and graces of his bride, or in sad dejection in her sullen or gloomy aspect.

" When Britannia, which is the virgin name of the Queen of the Isles, was in childhood, her uncommon beauty [100] and noble qualities [101] gave such indications of future greatness, that many princes of her own states, and from afar off, hastened betimes to make pretensions to her hand; and some of these were so desperate, as to attempt to secure the young princess by strength of arms. Of this nature were the efforts

efforts of the Empress Roma, who passionately wished to affiance the royal maid to her son, who already possessed many wives,[102] but her violent effort was strenuously resisted by the guardians of the princess, who had been wisely appointed during her minority. The struggle, however, lasted four hundred years,[103] and it cost many lives; till at length, the ambitious Roma, finding herself grow infirm and crazy, listened no longer to the praises which every one bestowed on the beautiful princess, but resolved to turn all her attention to the contemplation of her own infirmities and necessities, and from her great age to abandon every scheme of conquest and ambition, and consider how best to meet the decay and fall that so rapidly approached.

"In the meantime, the guardians of Britannia finding that the contests of other princes still continued with unabated violence, and perceiving that she was now in the bloom of adolescence, determined to offer her hand to a powerful neighbour. Accordingly they dispatched emissaries to the

the north of Germany, to invite over the Prince Angulus [104] from Saxony, who with a vast train landed exulting on the isle of Thanet, which was given him for residence.

" When the young princess was informed of the Saxon's visit, and that too, under the sanction of her guardians, she burst into tears and conjured them not to press the matter. " I am," said she, " still too young for a bride. Why should I ever marry? Cannot I reign over my people with undivided love? I want no tie on my affections, I adore my people; I feel that they love me; then why force my hand to an alliance at which my heart revolts? I like not the Saxon; he may be, as you say, noble and invincible in courage; but his look is so fierce, that I tremble in his ardent gaze. Oh, my people! my beloved people! rescue your lawful queen from foreign usurpation; let me not be sacrificed to ambition, let me not be eternally unhappy. I cannot be otherwise than as Britannia. Oh! force not my inclinations; let my people be my spouse.

spouse, and let their offspring be mine. I will have no other."

" These words with the tears and grief of the royal maid, profoundly touched the hearts of every subject. Furious and hardy they unanimously declared the princess should not be forced in her natural rights and inclination; and rushing into the presence of the Saxon, commanded him to depart; but he only smiled in the threat, secure in his number, eager and ardent in his hopes of gaining the princess, and trusting to the encouragement that had been held to him by her guardians.

" But all negociation failed, and both parties prepared for war. Britannia chose for her general a noble personage related to herself, and named Arthur,[193] whose valiant deeds she herself loves to recount. He fought long against Angulus, but at length he died, for he was mortal, covered with glory.

" The contest lasted many years; no man sparing his blood, treasure or advice in the cause of a beloved princess. Then the royal maid, who had been injured by the

first

first imprudence of her guardians, could bear the distress no longer, and magnanimously raised her hand to stop the carnage. "Stay, my beloved people," cried she, "every drop of blood shed from those frames is as my own. I cannot endure it. Yes, I will submit. I will pledge my faith to the Saxon. I will change my name; I will be his; yet will I not desert my subjects. How dares a monarch thoughtlessly spill the blood of his people, and stifle nations unborn? How dares he hope for Divine blessing, who for less than the most solid advantages will hesitate not to plunge his people in all the horrors of war? Who gave him the lives and fortunes of men to sport rashly with? or what precept of virtue sanctions him in lifting the sword, but at the call of justice or self defence? What is the happiness of one compared to that of thousands? No, my generous people; I am resolved. I will marry the prince, and I will strive by duty and affection to soften his mind into the same tenderness that I feel towards my nation."

"The great princess spoke with quick-

ness.

ness. She instantly dispatched ambassadors to treat with the prince; and gazing on her people with eyes swimming in tears, yet smiling through them, waved her white hand, and retired, leaving the multitudes speechless through admiration, gratitude, and love.

"The Saxon waited not a second invitation. Intoxicated with joy, he rushed to the princess and flung himself at her feet. Strong was her emotion, and many of her people not being able to endure her agitation, and still disliking the Saxon, dropped one by one [106] from their royal mistress's presence, and were content to serve her at a distance—however an event afterwards took place, which drew these faithful servants again around her.

"Angulus hastened the celebration of his nuptials; and the beautiful princess took the name of Anglia, from the prince her husband. Her people jealously guarded the liberties of the young queen, and fiercely watched the behaviour of the new monarch; determined to arm again in her cause, should not their royal mistress

be

be respected as her high rank and dignity deserved. But the Saxon was generous; and his nature softened by the sweetness and sensibility, and grandeur of Anglia's soul, by degrees came to seek no interest but her's, and to find no happiness but in her gratification. The queen in return, loved him with tenderness, and instilled the same affection in her subjects.

"This illustrious pair were blessed with many children, who had by turns a share of government assigned them; but they did not inherit the longevity of their parents; for not one lived beyond the age of ninety. Towards none of these princes, did Anglia ever feel such tender love, as to him named Alfred,[107] who signalized himself in an extraordinary manner, and shewed as much filial love, as genius, valour, and learning.

"It happened that a Prince named Jutland who lived opposite to Anglia, on the verge of the Scandinavian Sea, had often heard the charms and riches of the Princess Britannia extolled; and having sent his claims to her hand before the Saxon possessed her,

her, had met like other potentates with a refusal. No sooner did he understand the marriage of the lovely queen, and the happiness of his favoured rival, than he resolved to make a daring attempt to wrest away the bride; or, at least, to sow a division between the faithful couple. For three hundred years he kept this dark design in his breast, contenting himself with sending spies to the court of Anglia, to bring him notice of the proceedings. At length he dispatched a host of his Danes, and openly declared his wicked intentions. Anglia and her spouse addressed their faithful subjects in a short speech; for the atrocity of the act of Prince Jutland was too clear in the minds of an incensed people to need much comment. The eldest Prince, was according to custom, invested with command, and the audacious invaders were quickly repulsed. Prince Jutland during some years refrained from open violence; but his wicked and restless mind scorned to remain long at peace, and he made several other attempts; but as I have asserted, was as often repulsed by the

eldest

eldest Princes of Anglia, of whom none made him suffer so severely as the noble Alfred, the delight of the people and the favourite of the queen his mother, who to this day can scarcely refrain from tears of admiration, at the mention of his name.

"But soon after this, a terrible misfortune hung over the lovely queen. She was about a thousand years of age, had borne the king many sons, and was still in the first bloom of youth, when alas! the Saxon, her husband fell into a sickness, supposed to be with the vexations occasioned by the Prince of Jutland. The queen, whose tender bosom swelled with agony in the fear of losing her beloved companion, attended him by night and by day, weeping when not observed by him, torrents of tears, and careless of every object in the world besides.

"Jutland took ungenerous advantage of her domestic unhappiness, and sent his eldest son by a former marriage, who for some time by arts, bribes, and cruelties, wrested the command from Anglia's son; but in the end, the invader was subdued and driven

driven away, and the lawful Princes were restored to their high offices.

"Now the intermittent disorder of the Saxon reached its crisis. The lovely queen who had nursed him through a tedious illness of above sixty years, perceived with horror that convulsions seized him—he shuddered—gasped. "My son," he faintly exclaimed. The young Prince Edgar Atheling was conducted to him—he smiled—opened his arms for a last embrace—cast a tender glance upon Anglia, who fell senseless by his side, and expired.

"The queen continued in insensibility for a whole year; but at the end of it raised her languid head, summoned her most faithful domestics, and commanded Edgar to be brought to her. This young Prince, the only remaining one of her sons, she so fondly loved, that she called him "her darling,"[108] was put in her arms,—she wept over him; and as she lavished the sweet maternal caresses, desired a recital of all that had passed since the Saxon, her husband's decease—what resentment fired her bosom when she heard, that a foreign

suitor faintly related to her late lord, had already approached to lay claim to her hand! Shocked at the outrage, Anglia rose, and having attired herself in dark weeds, addressed a passionate speech to her subjects, and conjured them to guard her honour, and watch over the safety of her only son. Edgar Atheling, who was generous, active, and brave, already coveted the glory of protecting his mother, and placed himself at the head of her defenders. Yet the usurper gained advantages, and after several turns of fortune threw the queen, who continued firm in her refusal of him, into bondage. Here she remained nearly five and thirty years, when prospects brightened ;—the niece of the Prince, Edgar Atheling, married the descendant of the usurper, Duke Normandy, and the children of the Saxon were thus restored to their rights. Edgar himself nobly yielded to secure tranquillity to his niece, and happiness again beamed on Anglia's brow.

" So checquered are the vicissitudes of this lower world. From the family of

Edgar

Edgar Atheling am I sprung—he married privately—educated a daughter in retirement—in her descendants, after-ages revived the honour of Mercia's house; my maternal grandfather united his stock again to royalty, and of the race I am the last branch."

"And is the charming queen still in existence, my lord?" inquired the Lady Berengaria.

"She is, madam," answered Edgar, "lovely, blooming, happy, in her illustrious grand-children—a royal line, whom she loves to dignify with the title of kings; though she herself in the person of representative of her people and nobles, is of highest authority. How would your highness be charmed were I to relate,—but would time ever suffice me? The wondrous achievements of Anglia and her sons, besides their institutions for the advancement of learning and piety. Their laws framed so just, equitable, and merciful; their grant of freedom, everlasting freedom, by an act called Magna Charta. Their establishment of a great council pur-

posely to examine into the affairs ,and to argue upon the dearest interests of the queen and people. Their encouragement of every art and science already known, and the zeal which they give to new discoveries. Their generous undertaking for the rescuing of poor oppressed Christians from the grasp of the Turks, though at many hundred leagues distance; with the honours and grandeur of Anglia's name in every part, and the vast and splendid offers that have been made her, even within the last twenty years, of which above all those of West Empire,[109] a rich and noble prince, are most honourable, but which she too has refused—were I to endeavour at such a relation, the sun might run his daily course, and still leave me the story to relate. 'Tis enough, madam, I am proud that my endeavour to excite the interest of the Princess of Cyprus in this great queen have not wholly failed. Of such a queen, equally famed for majesty, virtues, and talents. Lovely model for royalty! pattern of excellence! wondrous in constitution, sublime in piety! beauteous Anglia, if I have

have spoken feebly of thee, it was because my soul laboured to blazon thy fame; it strove, and trembled in its own eagerness, as the little infant attempting too ardently to overtake its mother, steps forward and drops panting, in the first emotion. Oh Anglia! never forget thy great self. Let no example ever lead thee to descend from the proud throne of honour, duty, and religion—so billows may roar, cities may quake, states may be overthrown, but thou shalt remain fixed and unchanged."

NOTES.

Note 60.] Whilst England enjoyed a profound tranquillity, France was in extreme desolation, by the intestine troubles caused by the King's imprisonment. Charles the Dauphin, John's eldest son, held the reins of government, by the title of Lieutenant-General, afterwards changed into that of Regent. His regency was so much disturbed by the cabals of some restless men, who found their advantage in the confusion of affairs, that it was not possible to think effectually of freeing their King. The affairs of France were then in a deplorable situation. Charles the Bold, King of Navarre, though sprung from the royal family of France, raised daily commotions and tumults in Paris, where he had a powerful party.—(*Rapin, p.* 430.)

At the head of one of the most violent factions, was Robert le Coq, Bishop of Laon, the avowed enemy of his masters, who had raised him from a low station to the highest offices of trust. He caused himself to be appointed President of the Council, and by his authority, usurped an entire dominion over the Dauphin.

This Prince strove in vain against the torrent, he even condescended to harangue the people, and give them a relation of his motives and conduct to gain their affection. For the moment, the populace was affected, but one of the rebels spoke and all impression instantly vanished. Success emboldened the most daring of the factious; the Marshals of Champagne and of Normandy were assassinated in the very palace, and in the very sight of the Dauphin. In short, disorder reigned in every part of the kingdom.—(*Millot, Histoire de France, p.* 117—120.)

Note 61.]—As one of the author's cares in writing a national work has been to preserve throughout, as much as possible such imagery as her country affords, she here observes, that according to Chambers, the torpedo is found in the British seas, and particularly at Torbay, near Waterford, on the coast of Ireland.

This

This extraordinary fish loves to bury itself lightly in the sand, in which situation the torpedo gives his most forcible shock, which throws down the astonished passenger who inadvertently treads upon him. Upon touching the fish with the fingers, it frequently, though not always, happens that the person feels an unusual painful numbness, which suddenly siezes the arm up to the elbow, and sometimes to the very shoulder and head.

The pain is of a very particular species, and is not to be described by any words; yet Messieurs Lorenzini, Borelli, Redi, and Reaumur, who all felt it severely, observe it to bear some resemblance to that painful sensation felt in the arm, upon striking the elbow violently against a hard body: though M. Reaumur assures us, this gives but a very faint idea of it.

Oppian affirms, that it will benumb the astonished fisherman, even through the whole length of the line and rod See the passage cited and translated by Pennant, vol. iii.

The torpedo is so far amphibious as to live in air twenty-fours, and but little longer in fresh water.—(*Chambers's Cyclopedia.*)

NOTES 62 and 63.] Il ne manquoit plus au malheur de la nation, qu'la delivrance du Roi de Navarre. Jean de Pecquigny, gouverneur d'Artois, le tire de sa prison, le Coq et Marcel obligent le Dauphin de le recevoir; il entre à Paris comme en triomphe, harangue la populace enchantée de son éloquence, fait élargir tous les prisonniers, apparemment pour grossir son parti d'une foule de scélérats. Enfin après avoir attenté sur la vie de l'héritier de la couronne, il lève une armée, et Marcel avec ses complices se déclare hautement en sa faveur.—*Millot, Elémens de l'Histoire de France, tome ii. p.* 119. —And the Dauphin was obliged to abandon the capital.

NOTE 64.] The Princess Isabella of France was, when her father returned from England, bestowed on Galeas, the son of John Visconti, Duke of Milan, and John King of France, her father, received from his new son-in-law, the sum of six hundred thousand crowns. The Jews, who had been banished from France, were,

by similar arguments, permitted to return for the term of twenty years; but the subjects of John beheld with equal disgust the sordid barter of a princess whom they respected, and the restoration of a people whom they despised.—(*Hist. France, edit. London,* 1790, *p.* 388.)

NOTE 65.]—COTTON PAPER.—In the French King's library are MSS. on this paper, which by the character, and other circumstances, appear to be of the tenth century. Be this as it will, from the twelfth century, *cotton* MSS. were more frequent then parchment ones.—*Linen* paper appears to have been first introduced among us towards the beginning of the fourteenth century. The learned Conringius denies that there are many manuscripts of this paper above four hundred years old; with whom agrees the Count Maffei, who finds no marks of its use before the year 1300.—The Jesuit Balbinus produces divers instances of paper manuscripts, written before the year 1340. An ingenious writer of our own country, assures us, he had a piece of paper which agreed well with the charter dated in 1358, in the thirty-second year of Edward III. He adds, that in the archives of the library belonging to the dean and chapter of Canterbury, is an inventory of the goods of Henry, prior of Christchurch, who died in 1340, written on *paper*; and that in the Cotton library, there are several writings on *our* paper, in the times of most of our kings and queens, as high as the fifteenth of Edward III. which coincides with the year 1335. And Dr. Prideaux assures us, he has seen a registration of some acts of John Cranden, prior of Ely, made on *paper*, which bears date in the fourteenth year of King Edward II. that is, A.D. 1320.

The invention of paper may appear more modern than it is, because records were not used to be written on it, but it was a considerable time confined to letters, and other fugacious compositions; and to this day, few instruments of any consequence are written on it.—(*Chambers's Cyclopedia, vide Paper.*)

NOTE 66.] The beautiful country of Switzerland was after the decay of the Roman Empire, subjected to Germany, but so oppressive was the conduct of the Austrian

Austrian governors that the people, exasperated, waited only an opportunity to shake off the yoke. This offered in 1307, when William Tell refused to pay homage to the governor's hat, and raised the first standard of revolt. He was quickly joined by the inhabitants of his own and two other cantons, who in a body drove away their Austrian masters, and established the independence of their country.—(*See Count Holberg's Travels.*)

NOTE 67.] Freedom and openness of manner characteristise this beautiful people, who among their Alps, friendly, dignified, and unaffected, exercise that virtue which the Romans and Greeks supposed was only to be found in cities, and which they called urbanity. The unenslaved shepherds are free in their advances, because they cannot suspect where there is nothing to fear. They approach with a grace, for as they want for nothing, they ask for nothing, they love, and are beloved by strangers.

Among the Swiss, luxury is unknown: the only costly ornament they occasionally possess is a large bell of silver, which hangs from the neck of some favourite cow, and which has adorned perhaps many successive herds: and even these bells are not for mere ornament, they are necessary, for when a single cow, or a whole herd shall have strayed, by the tinkling of the sweet-toned bell, they are not only recovered by the herdsman, but they find each other.

During summer, that the goats and kine graze upon the Alpine heights, and yield stores of sweet milk, the herdsman prepares his cheeses and spreads them in a temporary hut near the fine pastures; but as winter approaches, the shepherd with his family packs the cheeses upon interwoven branches of the pine, and transports them upon sledges to his cottage in the valley below, whither he is followed by his faithful tribes of cattle.—(*Count Holberg's Travels.*)

NOTE 68.]—The Swiss have an air so sweet and so touching to a Swiss ear, that no native can resist the desire to return to his home and his Alps upon catching its loved sounds. It is called "the Kuhreehen," and is the melody sung by the inhabitants of the Alps, especially when they drive their cattle from the vallies to the high

mountains. (See Count Holberg's Travels.) If in warlike courage the Greeks and Romans were their equals, this noble, this generous, this affecting people, rise superior to them in goodness, in mild humanity towards their foes; in concord and in purity of manners among themselves.

Note 69. The successes of the Venetian arms in the thirteenth century awakened the envy and jealousy of their neighbours in the West. The Genoese were the first who manifested this disposition, by seducing the Candians from their allegiance, exciting them to revolt, and infusing in them a spirit of perpetual sedition. The rebels were, however, reduced to obedience, and the Genoese were defeated at sea.

The illustrious Andrew Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, concluded an advantageous treaty of alliance, of friendship, and of commerce, with the Sultan of Egypt. The riches of the Indus and of the Ganges now flowed down the Nile into the ports of the republic; and her merchant ships, protected by a flourishing navy, freely navigated every sea. But the Genoese, envious of her prosperity and extensive commerce, which proved ruinous to their's, began to persecute their ships in all parts. These insults aroused the vengeance of the Venetians, till, at length, after alternate victories and defeats, General Pisani completely routed them near the Island of Sardinia. Andrew Dandolo died in 1354, and was succeeded by Contarini.

The power of Venice was, at this epocha, so great, that scarcely a war broke out, but she was involved in it, either as mediator of the quarrels of others, for the protection of her own commerce and independence, of her rights and possessions, or to revenge insults to some of these. At this period too, the trade of Venice extended to the three quarters of the globe then known.—(*See the Fall of Venice, translated from the Italian, p.* 15—18.)

It is also certain that during the Saracen wars, the nations of northern Europe must have had great communication with the several states of Italy, from the ports of which great armies embarked for the East; besides which, the free states of Italy that were all maritime, supplied foreign powers with ships for merchandize

dize or war; for Geoffry Chaucer was sent to Genoa, upon exactly such an embassy: namely, the securing of a number of ships for our use, notwithstanding the great navy we then possessed.—(*See Biographica Britannica, p. 455*).

All this is only to prove that there could have been no difficulty to an English or Frenchman to gain employ in the service of the Italian states upon the first application; and in asserting this, I take no notice whatever of the Englishman, Sir John Hawkwood, who was with a great train of followers, employed as General in all the Genoese wars of this very period; nor do I insist upon the grandeur of the English name in the time of Edward III. which spread all over the known world, and induced even the King of Cyprus to say, "he could think he had done or seen nothing worthy of note, till he had visited the hero of Cresey and Poictiers."—(*See Collins's Life of the Black Prince. Speed. Rapin's Note upon the famous Sir John Hawkwood.*)

NOTE 70.] Few people above the common rank, are seen in the streets during the heat of the day in the hot countries of Europe. The large curtains are generally half drawn, the shutters nearly closed, to exclude the sun and insects; and the inhabitants indulge in sleep. Towards the evening, they rise, dress, and prepare either for amusements within doors, visitings, or walks upon the terraces of their flat-roofed houses.—(*See Barretti's Italy.*)

NOTE 71.] It is scarcely necessary to mention what is so well known, that the fourth quarter of the world was not discovered till the reign of Henry VII. in the year 1492.

NOTE 72.] In the southern countries of Europe, and those between the tropics, the crespuscle, or twilight, is very short. The author has herself been surprised and overtaken in Portugal, by the darkness that succeeds with such rapidity to the setting of the sun.

NOTE 73.] Petrarch, the sweet poet of Italy, was born in 1304. He resided some time with his father at Avignon, but afterwards settled at Vaucluse, five miles from that city. In this retreat he became ac-

quainted with the beautiful Laura, to whom he addressed his exquisite sonnets. In 1341, Petrarch's fame had extended so widely, that he was solicited by three powerful states to come and receive the public honours that awaited him. The offer of one was modestly accepted, and the poetical crown was fixed on his head, with great solemnity at Rome. This elegant and distinguished writer, died at Argna, near Padua, in July 1374, aged seventy. *(Lempriere's Biography.)*

NOTE 74.] Victor Pisani, an illustrious Venetian general, who fought in many battles against the Dalmatians and Genoese. In one expedition he failed, and his ungrateful country condemned him to death, but this sentence was mitigated to imprisonment. At the expiration of his confinement, the sailors of Venice loudly demanded him to conduct them against the Genoese, who threatened their country with a dreadful war; he was received with acclamations, and led his countrymen to victory. He died in the midst of his successes, 1380.—*(Lemprière, and the Fall of Venice.)*

NOTE 75.] Geoffry Chaucer, a celebrated English poet, and the first great improver and reformer of our language, flourished in the fourteenth century, and was supposed to be born in the second year of Edward III. A.D. 1328. He was partly educated at Cambridge, and completed his studies at Oxford. After a considerable stay here, he became, as Leland tells us, a ready logician, a smooth rhetorician, a pleasant poet, a grave philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, and a holy divine. After he left this University, he travelled abroad through France and the Low Countries, in order to see the world, and to improve the knowledge which he had acquired from books. After his return, his first employment at court was in quality of the King's page, and at this time the English court was the most gay and splendid in Europe. Edward III. a prince equally distinguished by civil and martial virtues, sat then upon the throne, blessed with an illustrious consort, by whom he had a numerous posterity. His reverence for the laws, and his kindness for his people, made him beloved at home; so that our chronicles boast of few reigns so glorious, and of none brighter, than his. Among other great

great qualities, with which this famous monarch was endowed, his love of learning and learned men, was not the least conspicuous; and therefore it is no matter of wonder, that Chaucer, who was continually giving some specimen or other of the vivacity of his genius, wrought himself into high favour, insomuch that it appears, that he was a constant attendant on the court, and when it was at Woodstock, resided at a stone house, near the park gate, which still retains his name, since, being consecrated in his poems, the whole country round about, is become, in respect to Englishmen, a kind of classic ground. Besides his employment about the person of the Prince, Chaucer attached himself to the service of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by whom, and by his Duchess Blanch, a lady equally remarkable for her wit and virtue, he was exceedingly beloved, nor was it long before he became a part of their family also. Our great poet was much esteemed by his royal master, King Edward, who loaded him with kindness, and placed him in very high offices of trust. Among these was the appointment on a mission to Genoa, which he executed so faithfully, that the King ordered him, with other bounties, a pitcher of wine daily, to be delivered by the butler of England. In Italy, he was introduced to Petrarch, at the wedding of Violante, daughter of Galleazzo, Duke of Milan, with the Duke of Clarence, and it is not improbable that Boccacio was of the party.

This great poet's works are too voluminous to enumerate them; that they are not more generally known, is owing to the defects of the language in his day, not to any want of beauties that genius or nature can bestow, for it is observed, that if we look upon him as an author, he may be truly styled the Father of English Poetry, and perhaps the prince of it, for excepting the unavoidable defects of language, his works have still all the beauties that can be wished for, or expected in every kind of composition. He was deeply versed in moral, and in natural philosophy, and as perhaps no man understood human nature better, so it may be truly said, that no writer in any language, has either painted it with greater force, exactness, or judgment. His writings have

have been held in the greatest honour, and transmitted to posterity with such care and circumspection, and by the united labours of so many eminent persons, as will do lasting honour to his memory, and plainly prove, that true genius, extensive learning, and a free spirit, are capable of commanding reverence through all ages. Chaucer saw his end approach with Christian patience, for there is still an ode extant that he is said to have composed in his last agonies. He expired in 1400, in the full reputation which he deserved, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In person, too, this great poet was a favourite of Nature. He was reckoned one of the handsomest men about the Court, as appears from a picture taken in 1360; his complexion was fair and beautiful, his lips very red and full, his size a just proportion, and his air very graceful and majestic.—(*Biographica Britannica, p.* 451, 454, 462.—*Warton's Observations on English Poetry, p.* 48.)

Note 76.]—In the meane space, from what part of the world did not the English bring testimonies of their valour? For such as had warred under the Cypriot King against the Turkes, and had taken a part of Alexandria in Egypt, returned with much riches in cloths of gold, velvets, and precious stone. About these times (1365), and long after also, Sir John Hawkut (or Hawkwood), that valiant man of armes, made his owne name, and his countrimens the English, very honourable, by martiall vertue in sundry parts of Italy. And as their valour was one way seene beyond the Alps, so there fell out occasions not long after, which made it knowne another way, beyond the mountains Pyrenen.—(*Speed, p.* 700.)

Note 77.]—In the time of Alexander, and of the Kings of Egypt, Alexandria did not stand, as it does now, in the midst of sand; the lake Mareotis, which was but at a short distance, and two large canals, one of them descending from Upper Egypt, and the other coming from the branch of the Nile, which was denominated the *Bolbitic*, kept up a salutary coolness, at the same time that they favoured culture and vegetation. These works, which attest the grandeur and power

power of ancient Egypt, and the existence of which was equally useful and agreeable, were still kept in repair under the government of the caliphs. Abulfeda, an Arabian historian, speaks of Alexandria as of an immense city, surrounded by delightful gardens. The ruin of what had cost so much pains and labour, was reserved for the Turks.—(*Sonnoni's Egypt, p.* 85.)

NOTE 78.]—ALEXANDRIA.—The making of Alexandria is also attended with danger, this part of Egypt being so low that it cannot be approached without great caution.—(p. 61.)

The coast of Egypt, situated to the eastward of Alexandria, is easily distinguishable from that to the westward. It is not so low, is more irregular, and does not wear the same appearances of barrenness; some traces of cultivation, a few palm trees, and habitations being there to be seen. At length the navigator is assured that he is in the direction of Alexandria, by getting sight of Pompey's Pillar. Yet, from whatever quarter he may steer for this dangerous coast, he cannot be too cautious, because none of these marks are perceptible at any great distance; and because currents, the rapidity of which it is more easy to foresee than to calculate, lay hold of vessels, and drift them towards the coast of Africa.—(*Sonnoni's Travels in Egypt, p.* 62.)

NOTE 79.]—In Egypt, as in Syria, every one, whether Mahometan or Christian, speaks Arabic, nor is any other language understood. About the end of the first century of the Hejira, the Caliph Waled I. prohibited the Greek tongue throughout his whole empire. From that time the Arabic became universal.—(*Volney's Travels, p.* 84.)

NOTE 80.]—FRANKS.—The appellation of Franks is given, by the Turks and inhabitants of the east, to the inhabitants of Europe in general.—(*See Sonnoni and Volney's Travels.*)

NOTE 81.]—TERRACE.—The houses of Alexandria like all those of the Levant, have terraced roofs.—(*Sonnoni, p.* 68.)

NOTE

NOTE 82.]—The Mussulman law divides into two classes all the inhabitants of the earth: those who profess the faith of Mahomet are called, without distinction of rites, sects, &c. *Musslim*, an Arabic word, signifying a person resigned to God; the dual of which is *Mussulman*, &c. The nations who deny the divine mission, and reject the doctrine of the Prophet, are confounded under the common denomination of *keafir*, infidel or blasphemer, a wretch wandering in darkness, whose eyes are shut to the light of revelation. Thus all infidels form but one and the same people.—(*Thornton's Turkey, p.* 183.)

An Egyptian Mussulman, still more brutal, never calls him (an European) any thing but *dog*. Europeans, in their usual dress, were also exposed at Rosetta, to be hooted in the populous quarters, and to be pursued by the redoubled cries of *Nouxrani, Nazarean*.

If the inhabitants of Rosetta be less barbarous than those of the other parts of Egypt, they are not less ignorant, less superstitious, nor less intolerant. We find among them, though with shades more softened down, the same roughness of character, the same *implacable aversion* towards the nations of Europe, the same revengeful disposition, in a word, the same treachery, &c.

...Woe to the European, who ventured (in Cairo) to appear in the streets in the dress of his own country! He would soon have fallen a victim to his imprudence, and would infallibly have been knocked down or murdered.—(*Sonnoni's Travels, p.* 422.)

NOTE 83.]—When the race of the Ptolemies became extinct in the person of Cleopatra, the kingdom of Egypt sunk into a Roman province; in the division of the Roman empire, Egypt afterwards fell to Arcadius, the son of Theodosius, and continued to form part of the Eastern empire till the year 641, nineteen years after the flight of Mahomet; when Omar, the third Caliph, subjected Egypt to the rising empire of the *Mussulmans*, and Alexandria was taken, after a siege of fourteen months.

The dynasty of the Ommiades terminating in 749, the descendants of Abbas retained possession of Egypt till

till the revolt of Ben-Toulon, whose successors reigned only thirty-seven years, being dethroned by the Caliphs of Bagdad.

Saladin, a Curdeen by birth, availing himself of the dissentions between the Fatimites and the Abbassides, took Egypt from the latter, and erected a dynasty of the Aiönbites. The family of the Abbassides, however, remained under the dominion of these usurpers; and one of them was always permitted to enjoy the empty title of Caliph.

Touran-Schah was the last of the Aiönbites, and was assassinated in 1250, to make way for a Turcoman named Azzeddin, who was also assassinated, after a reign of seven years and eleven months.

Salah-Nuginmeddin, the father of Touran-Schah, established the military institution of the Mamalûks a name which in Arabic signifies slaves. He accordingly formed it of the slaves brought by the Tartars to Cairo for sale. The greater part of them were Circassians, which occasioned their being called indifferently Circassians or Mamalûks. They became so powerful, that, according to some Arabic authors, they raised one of their own body to the throne, in the year 1381. He was called Abousaid-Berkouk, or Eddhaber-Berkouk, a name which had been given him by his master, as expressive of his courage. This was the last dynasty that reigned in Egypt: the death of Toman Bey, who was the twenty-ninth of its sultans, and the submission of this kingdom to the Ottomans,* having terminated the empire of the Mamalûks.—(*Sonnoni's Travels, p.* 427.)

Note 84.]—Towards the end of autumn, arrive in Egypt, at different times, flights of ducks, teals, turtle-doves, thrushes, woodcocks, larks, quails, snipes, blackbirds, starlings, lapwings, cranes, wild geese, woodpeckers, &c.. None of these arrive in greater, and at the same time more unaccountable numbers than quails. Many of them, exhausted with fatigue, drop and disappear in the waves; but whatever may be the dangers

* This event is supposed to have happened in 1517.—(*Description de l'Egypte, par Maillet.*)

dangers of the long voyage, to which these birds do not seem destined, whatever losses these bodies of feeble travellers may sustain in the course of the passage, there still arrives so great a multitude in the environs of Alexandria, that the number to be seen there is truly incredible. The Egyptian fowlers catch them in nets. During the first days of their arrival, such quantities are for sale, that three or four were to be purchased for a *medine*. The crews of merchant ships lived upon them.—(*Sonnoni's Travels*, p. 705.)

NOTE 85.]—The nightingale is known to spend the season of our winter in Lower Egypt. I met with several in different parts of the Delta, where they frequent the most shady thickets, in the vicinity of the water. They do not here display the art of Philomela, or exhibit that melodious voice, those brilliant modulations, which are loudly re-echoed in our forests and orchards; the only sound they utter is a raucous croaking, that kind of rattling in the throat, which with us succeeds their delightful warbling, after they have ceased to sing their loves. They arrive in Africa in autumn, and depart in the spring, when these songsters of nature repair to our woods, to celebrate its return.—(*Sonnoni's Travels*, p. 277.)

NOTE 80.]—The invention of the compass is by some ascribed to a Neapolitan; but it is generally supposed to have been brought from China in the year 1260, by Marcus Paulus, a Venetian. What confirms this conjecture is, that at first they used the compass in the same manner as the Chinese still do; *i. e.* they let it float on a little piece of cork, instead of suspending it on a pivot. It is added, that their Emperor Chiningus, a celebrated astrologer, had a knowledge of it 1,120 years before Christ. The French lay claim to the invention of the compass, from the fleur-de-lis, with which all nations still distinguish the north point of the card.—(*Chambers.*)

But the appropriation of the fleur de-lis to this point, is not a conclusive argument in favour of the invention by the people of France, since once of their own most interesting and scientific writers has declared, that the fleur-de-lis

fleur-de-lis was not introduced into the arms of France, until seven hundred years after the establishment of the monarchy. "But," he immediately adds, "if the fleur-de-lis was not in very ancient times the privileged and characteristic ornament of the crown and sceptre of France, it was, in several countries of the east, the emblem of power among the nations of antiquity. Herodotus and Strabo relate, that the Kings of Syria and Babylon formerly bore the fleur-de-lis at the end of their sceptre. Mountfaucon also speaks of that of David, found engraved in miniature, in a manuscript of the tenth century, and which is surmounted by the fleur-de-lis.—(*Sonnoni's Travels in Egypt, p.* 595.)

Though the mariner's compass has been long in use, the best construction of it was attended with inconvenience, till the late improvements it has received, for which it is indebted to English talent and perseverance.

NOTE 87.]—The tobacco of Turkey (used also in Egypt) is the best and mildest in the world; it has not that acrid taste, which in our countries provokes a continual spitting; then the length of the shanks, in which the smoke rises, the odoriferous nature of the wood of which they are made, the amber tube that is held in the mouth, the aloes wood with which the tobacco is scented, contribute to make it still milder, and to render the smoke of it not unpleasing in a room. Even the beautiful women are fond of passing their time in pressing the yellow amber with their rosy lips, and gently inhaling the smoke of Syrian tobacco, perfumed with that of aloes. Neither is it necessary to draw up the smoke strongly, it almost rises of itself. People turn aside their pipe, chat, look, now and then rest it in the middle of the lips, and gently inhale the smoke which immediately escapes from the half open mouth. Sometimes they amuse themselves, with making it pass through the nose; at others they fill their mouths with it, and blow it with extended hand, where it forms a spiral column, which remains there some moments. The glands are not pricked, nor are the lungs dried up by a saliva, with which the floors of our smokers are covered. They do not experience the want of spitting; and

and this action, so frequent among us, is considered as an indecency in the east, before persons to whom any respect is due.—(*Sonnoni's Travels in Egypt, in the year 1777, p. 159.*)

NOTE 88.]—All through the Levant, story-tellers, or emprovisatori, are greatly encouraged; not a coffee-house, or place of public resort, is without a regular story-teller, who is ever talking, and whom the company is never tired of hearing. "The stories of these indefatigable narrators are," says Sonnoni, p. 161, "in general very tedious. The Arabian writers, however, from whom they are taken, sometimes furnish them with very pleasant tales."

The skilful orator walks about as he recites, suiting his action in a lively manner to his discourse; and occasionally delivers tales or fables of his own composition. When he has finished, he collects his remuneration from the company; and as this will commonly be proportionate to the skill of his performance, he has another incentive to excel, in addition to the desire of fame.—(*Views and Observations in Egypt, by Luizi Mayer, p. 67.*)

NOTE 89.]—Youths and virgins of great beauty were accustomed to wait in the royal apartments, in the eastern courts. At the marriage of Bajazet with the daughter of Germean Ogli, A.D. 1369, Eurenoses, a noble, sent as a present upon occasion of the feast, one hundred boys and as many virgins, richly apparelled, each having a cup (in one hand) filled with rich jewels and stones, and in the other a silver cup full of gold.—(*Isaacson's Chronology, ed. 1633.*)

NOTE 90.]—When Cæsar invaded Britain, it was believed that it produced neither gold nor silver; but the Romans had not long settled in it before they discovered their mistake, and found that it was not altogether destitute of these precious metals. A modern writer is of opinion, that gold and silver were not then found in such quantities, as to furnish an article of British exports: but the following passage of Strabo seems to imply the contrary. "Britain produceth corn,

corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron; besides which, skins, and dogs, naturally excellent hunters, are exported from that island." The gagates, or jeat-stone, is believed by some to have constituted another article of the British exports of this period. This stone was highly esteemed by the ancients, both on account of its beauty, and the many medicinal virtues they imagined it possessed. Solinus, in describing the productions of Britain, mentions the gagates as one of the most valuable, in the following terms: "besides, to say nothing in this place of the many large and rich veins of metals of various kinds, with which the soil of Britain abounds, the gagates is found there in great quantities, and of the most excellent quality."

Gems, and particularly pearls, may be classed among the British exports of this period. Julius Cæsar was so great an admirer of the British pearls, which he had seen in Gaul, and used to weigh in his hand, that Suetonius affirms, the hope of obtaining a quantity of them was his chief inducement to the invasion of Britain. This much is certain, that after his return from this island, he consecrated a breastplate, of great value and beauty, to Venus, in her temple at Rome; which he signified, by an inscription, was composed of British pearls.—(*Henry's England, p.* 388)

The fine pearls of Britain are noticed, as Speed observes (book v. p. 3.) by Tacitus.

Speed says, that the seas by which this country is surrounded, not only yield "entercourse for traffique into all ports of the world, but plentifully abound with all sorts of fish, to the great benefit of the inhabitants, and bring forth pearles, as *Tacitus* sheweth, which were *usually cast out with the flood, and gathered at the ebbe.* These pearles, though not altogether so orient as they are in India, by *Amianus*, in his xxiii booke, and 12 chapter, are called *rich gems;* and *Pliny*, in his ix booke and 35 chapter, useth the like terme: the desire whereof (as *Suetonius* sayth) *drew Ceasar's* affection for the conquest of Britain."

NOTES 91 and 92.]—POETRY, LAWS, MUSIC.—The British kingdoms, we have reason to believe, were in

in possession of a system of laws of considerable extent before they were subdued by the Romans. Some of these kingdoms had subsisted several ages before that period. Almost a whole century had elapsed between the first invasion under Julius Cæsar and the second under Claudius, and yet we find no material difference in the political state of Britain in these two periods. In both it was divided into several little monarchies, each of which was governed by its own king; and it had, no doubt, been in this state long before the first of these invasions. In so long a course of time, they must have acquired some skill in government and legislation, especially the Druids, who devoted their whole time to the study of learning, religion, and law, of which they were the great oracles and interpreters.

The laws, as well as the other branches of learning among the ancient Britons, were couched in verse. Though this may appear a little extraordinary to us, it was far from being peculiar to the ancient Britons. The first laws of all nations, says a learned writer on this subject were composed in verse and sung. This practice of composing their laws in verse, and forming them into songs, was owing to that surprising love which nations of antiquity bore to poetry and music. *(Henry's England, p. 209.)*

An eminent sage of the law hath indeed affirmed, that the ancient Britons, before they were subdued by the Romans were in possession of that admirable system of jurisprudence, the present common law of England; and that no material changes have been made in that system either by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans, (p. 218).

Before the invasion of the Normans there were several states of Britain, in which a very numerous body of men was supported in honour and affluence, at the public expense, for the study of learning and religion. These were the Druids, who were the philosophers, as well as the priests of the Britons, Gauls, and all other Celtic nations. "They pay the highest honours (says Diodorus Siculus of the Gauls) to their divines and philosophers, which are called Druids. It is their custom never to perform any sacred rite, without one of

of these philosophers; for as they believe them to be well acquainted with the will of the gods, they think them the most proper persons to present both their thanksgivings and prayers. There are *three* classes of men (says Strabo) which are highly and universally esteemed. These are the Bards, the Vates, and the Druids. The Bards are poets and musicians, the Vates, are priests and physiologists, and the Druids add the study of moral philosophy to that of physiology.

When we reflect on the great antiquity, and prodigious numbers of the Druids, the many immunities which they enjoyed, the leisure and tranquillity in which they lived, and on the opportunities and encouragements which they had to study; we must be inclined to believe that they had made considerable progress in several branches of learning before they were destroyed by the Romans. We shall be confirmed in this opinion, by observing the respectful terms in which the best Greek and Roman writers speak of their learning. Diogenes Laertius places them in the same rank, in point of learning and philosophy, with the Chaldeans of Assyria, the Magi of Persia, and the Gymnosophists and Brachmins of India. Both Cæsar and Mela observe, that they had formed very large systems of astronomy and natural philosophy; and that these systems, together with their observations on other parts of learning, were so voluminous, that their scholars spent no less than twenty years in making themselves masters of them. It is acknowledged by all the writers of antiquity who mention the Druids, that they were greatly admired and respected by their countrymen, who not only listened with reverence and submission to their religious instructions, but also committed the two most important charges, the administration of justice, and the education of their most noble youth, entirely to their management. This is a demonstration that they entertained a very high opinion of their wisdom and learning, as well as of their probity. The British Druids in particular, were so famous, both at home and abroad, for their learning, that they were generally believed to have been the inventors of their systems of religion and philosophy, and universally acknowledged to be the best

best teachers of them; so that such of the noble youth of Gaul, as were desirous of becoming perfect masters of these systems, found it necessary to make a voyage into this island for that purpose.—*(Henry's England,* p. 248.)

The British kings and chieftains, who were educated by the Druids, were in particular famous for their eloquence. This is evident from the many noble speeches that are ascribed to them by the Greek and Roman writers. For though these speeches may not be genuine, yet they are a proof that it was a well-known fact that these princes were accustomed to make harangues on these and the like occasions. This we are expressly told by Tacitus. "The British chieftains, before a battle, fly from rank to rank, and address their men with animating speeches, tending to inflame their courage, increase their hopes, and dispel their fears." These harangues were called, in the ancient language of Britain, Brosnichiy Kah, which is literally translated by Tacitus, 'incitamenta belli,' incentives to war. The genuine posterity of the ancient Britons long retained their taste for eloquence, and their high esteem for those who excelled in that act, (p. 279).

After having spoken honourably of the knowledge of the Druids, and supported his assertions with strong arguments and respectable testimonials of ancient writers, the learned and indefatigable Dr. Henry thus proceeds:

"Though the above account of the state of learning among the ancient Britons, before they were conquered by the Romans, is not so particular and satisfactory as we could have wished to make it, if history had afforded clearer lights; yet it is evidently sufficient to shew that our British ancestors did not wholly neglect the improvement of their minds and the cultivation of the sciences; and consequently that they did not deserve that contempt with which they have been treated by some of our own historians, nor the odious names of savages and barbarians, which have been so liberally bestowed on them, as well as on other nations, by the supercilious literati of Greece and Rome. It plainly appears that many of the youth of Britain were animated with the love of learning, and a taste for study, before their country was subdued by the Romans; and that

that this victorious people only put them under the direction of new masters, and gave a new turn to their studies.

Julius Agricola persuaded the noble youth of Britain to learn the Latin language, and to apply to the study of the Roman eloquence. These persuasions were successful, because they were seasonable; the British youth being deprived of their former instructors, by the destruction and expulsion of the Druids (which happened about this time) willingly put themselves under those teachers which were provided for them by the Romans. These youth applied with so much ardour to this new course of study, that they obliged Agricola very soon to declare that they excelled the youth of Gaul in genius and erudition. This declaration of so great a man was no doubt very flattering to these noble and ingenuous youths, and contributed not a little to increase their love of the Roman learning; this learning consisted in grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, medicine, and law, (p. 295).

The next order of men to the Druids were the ancient poets. These were divided into two classes; the first comprehending their sacred poets, who composed and sung their religious hymns, and were called in Greek Eubates; in Latin Vates; and in their own language Faids: the second comprehending all their secular poets, "who sung of the battles of heroes, or the heaving breasts of love," and were called bards. The word bard signified one who was a poet (and of course a musician, for these professions in early times were never separated) by his genius and profession, and who employed much of his time in composing and singing verses on many various subjects and occasions. The bards constituted one of the most respected of men in the ancient British states, and many of the greatest kings, heroes, and nobles esteemed it an honour to be enrolled in this order. They enjoyed, by law and custom, many honourable distinctions and valuable privileges. Their persons were held sacred and inviolable; and the most bloody and cruel tyrants dared not offer them any injury, (p. 364). A profession so honourable and enjoying such distinctions would not be deserted; and indeed

indeed it was so crowded, that the accounts of the numbers of bards in some countries, particularly in Ireland are hardly credible. We often read, in the poems of Ossian, of a hundred bards belonging to one prince, singing and playing in one concert for his entertainment. —*(Henry's England,* p 365.)

There is not any one circumstance in the history of the ancient Britons more surprising than that of their early and admirable taste for poetry, (p. 352). Every subject was couched in verse, as being easier to retain in the memory when nothing was written. Religious songs, or hymns, prayers, laws, moral precepts, the natural philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics of the Druids, were composed and taught to the youth in verse. (p. 334).

But above all other subjects the bards especially devoted their genius to celebrating the glory of some king, or hero. As soon as a king, or chieftain had resolved on a military expedition, he made choice of some famous poet, or poets, to attend his person; to behold, record, and celebrate his great exploits, in the most magnificent and flattering strains to the music of his voice and harp. (p. 355.) Indeed so great was the fondness of the ancient Britons for poetry, and so much were they accustomed to express their thoughts on all great occasions in verse, that they sometimes composed verses, and sung them in their dying moments. (p. 359.)

Next to the martial feats of heroes, the charms of the fair, and the cares and joys of virtuous love, were the most frequent and delightful subjects of the songs of the ancient bards. Their descriptions of female beauty are always short and delicate; expressive of the modesty and innocence of the ladies' minds, as well as of the charms of their persons. (p. 359.)

The ancient poets of Britain, and of the other nations of Europe, are said to have used a prodigious variety of measures, and many different kinds of versification in their poetical compositions. (p. 363.)

The ancient inhabitants of Britain, as well as of many other countries, had at least as great a taste and fondness for music as they had for poetry. (p. 366.) It is impossible to discover at what time, and by whom, instrumental

instrumental music was first invented, or rather introduced into this island; though we may be certain that it was long before it was invaded by the Romans.

In the first stages of society in all countries, the two sister arts of poetry and music seem to have been always united; every poet was a musician, and sung his own verses to the sound of some musical instrument. "The bards," says Ammianus, "celebrated the brave actions of illustrious men in heroic poems, which they sung to the sweet sounds of the lyre." (p. 367.)

Though the ancient Britons were not altogether unacquainted with wind instruments of music, yet they seem to have delighted chiefly in the lyre or harp. This instrument is said to have been invented by the Scythians, and was much used by all the Celtic nations, p. 368.—(*Henry's England.*)

NOTE 93.]—PAINTING.—Before the use of clothes was extended to the central and northern parts of Britain, the natives are observed to have painted their bodies, not by rubbing or besmearing them with colour, but in a much more artificial manner, and consisting of a variety of figures of beasts, birds, trees, herbs, and other things. We learn from other authors, that this body-painting was a distinct trade or profession in those times. (p. 350).

But in proportion as clothes came into general use among the ancient Britons, this practice of body-painting declined; and as soon as they were completely clothed, it was wholly laid aside. But the art of painting did not suffer any thing by that change. For, in order to preserve their family distinctions, and the ancient badges of their nobility, they then painted the same figures of various animals and other things on their shields, which they had formerly painted on their bodies. The art of painting even gradually improved, and those figures which had been painted of one colour only on their bodies, were painted of various colours, in imitation of life, on their shields. (p. 351).

From the improvements the Britons must necessarily have made by their intercourse with the Romans, it may be well supposed that among the great multitude

of artificers carried out of Britain, A.D. 296, by the Emperor Constantius, to assist in building and adorning his favourite city of Autun, there were sculptors and painters, as well as architects.—(*Henry's Hist. England.*)

NOTES 94 and 95.]—It is almost as difficult to distinguish the age of a building by the masonry used in it, when nothing more than the plain walls appear, as it is to distinguish when a foundation was laid, by the materials and manner of laying it only. We find the several species of masonry which the Romans introduced, were used by the Saxon, the Norman, and more modern masons, notwithstanding the various styles of architecture which prevailed in different ages. But though it is probable, the several species of masonry used in Britain were introduced by the Romans, it is certain the Britons used stone long before the Romans were settled among them, or before Cæsar invaded their country. How they acquired the art of cutting stones, and erecting them in circular or other figures, will easily be conceived, when we consider the traffic they are supposed to have carried on with the Phœnicians and Egyptians; either of whom could have furnished them with men, if not materials, for erecting such a work as Stonehenge; such temples being very common among those people, as they were among the Hebrews and other nations before the time of the written law, until the tabernacle was erected by Moses. In Stonehenge we find the masons imitated the work of the carpenter, by connecting the stones with mortices and tenons; and it is probable, in those parts of the island where timber was scarce and stones plenty, they used them for building huts, whose door posts and lintels were made of stones framed together after the same manner, as in some places where there is stone fit for the purpose, they now make posts and rails of them instead of timber: and thus far we may suppose the Britons had advanced in the art of masonry before the Romans were settled among them.

The only remains of British masonry in England is the temple of the Druids on Salisbury plain; but in that we may observe the marks of the chisel, and the traces

traces of a geometrical design; and from thence we may conclude, that the Britons had more knowledge of building at the time it was erected than was necessary for erecting huts and hovels with boughs and turves. But at what time this temple was made is uncertain, though we may suppose it was long before the Romans visited the island under the conduct of Cæsar, or before Rome itself had a being: and as we may conclude, that the Britons understood the art of building with stone in those early ages, we may likewise suppose that they were not ignorant of the art of making bricks; as it is probable both were introduced by the people who first discovered and settled upon the island, though we know not the precise time when this settlement was made. But as these and many other useful arts were invented by the inhabitants of the old world, and used by the Patriarchs soon after the Deluge, they were never lost by any of their descendants, except those who followed the pastoral life, lived in tents, and had neither cities nor towns to dwell in, but were perpetually shifting their habitations from place to place. Among these people, not only the art of making brick, but many arts which were useful to others, were neglected and lost, because they were of no use to them. But among those people by whom the first kingdoms of the world were founded, all the arts which were useful to mankind were preserved; and as those people multiplied, and sent forth new colonies, so those arts were carried into different countries wherever they settled. If Britain then was an island before it was inhabited, which is very probable (though it might have joined the continent before the deluge), the first inhabitants, whether driven by chance upon the coast, or invited by the distant prospect from the opposite shore, must have come from a country where the art of naval architecture and navigation had been retained, and without doubt other useful and necessary arts, such as agriculture, and the art of building with brick and stone. These arts being once introduced, could not easily be forgotten; for as the inhabitants increased, more land must be cultivated, new habitations were wanted, and the old required frequent renewal: but

being situated at the extremity of the world, and little known by the most civilized part of it, they long retained their ancient simplicity of manners, and made few improvements in their habitations; and until their country was invaded by the Romans, some traces of that religion which prevailed in the world before the call of Abraham appeared among them, and the form of the patriarchal temples was still then retained, though it had long been disused in the more civilized nations of the world, where the Greek and Roman architecture had been introduced. From hence we may suppose that the Britons had but little skill in masonry before the Romans settled there, though they were not entirely ignorant of the use of brick and stone; but we are ignorant of the manner in which they used them; whether they cemented them with mortar, or bedded them in slime like the builders at Babel.—(*Mr. Essex on the antiquity of brick and stone buildings in England. Archæologia*, Vol. IV.)

NOTE 96. See NOTE 41.—VINE.—The use of fermented liquors is very ancient in Britain. Ale is mentioned by the Roman writers, and the way of making it is thus described. "The grain is steeped in water, and made to germinate, by which its spirits are excited and set at liberty; it is then dried and ground; after which it is infused in a certain quantity of water; which being fermented, becomes a pleasant, warming, strengthening, and intoxicating liquor." This ale was most commonly made of barley, but sometimes of wheat, oats, and millet, p. 484.—(*Henry's England*).

NOTE 97.—CORN.—Great care was taken by the ancient legislators to preserve the fruits of the earth from all injuries, and to procure full compensation for any damages they had sustained, that the industrious husbandman might not be robbed of the rewards of his toil. The most antient laws of Britain appear to have been remarkably severe on this head, and to have allowed very high damages to the husbandman. (p. 217).

Agriculture was perhaps little known in this island till about one hundred and fifty years before the beginning of the Christian era, when great multitudes of Celtic

Celtic Gauls being expelled their native seats between the Rhine and the Seine, by the Belgæ from Germany, took shelter in the south of Britain, where they met with a favourable reception, and formed several small states. These states received reinforcements from time to time from the same coasts, whose inhabitants were then called Belgæ, and practised husbandry; a way of life which they were encouraged to pursue in Britain by the fertility of the soil, which produced all kinds of grain in great plenty and perfection. (p. 311.)

It appears that the Britains were not unacquainted with the use of manures, for renewing and increasing the fertility of their grounds; and that besides those which were common in other countries, they had one peculiar to themselves and the Gauls. This was marle. "The people of Gaul and Britain," says Pliny, "have found out another kind of manure, for their grounds; which is a fat clay, or earth, called marle, of which they entertain a very high opinion." (p. 312). As for the instruments and methods of ploughing, sowing, and reaping in Britain, they were no doubt the same as in Gaul, from whence they were brought. This island in a little time not only produced a sufficient quantity of corn for its own inhabitants and the Roman troops, but afforded every year a very great surplus for exportation. This became an object of so great importance, that a fleet of ships was provided for this particular service of bringing corn from Britain; and capacious granaries were built on the opposite continent for the reception of that corn; which from thence was conveyed into Germany and other countries, for the use of the Roman armies. The great number of the ships which were employed by the Emperor Julian, A.D. 359, in bringing corn from this island, must give a very high idea of the fertility and cultivation of it in these times. Having collected prodigious quantities of timber from the woods on the banks of the Rhine, he built a fleet of EIGHT hundred ships, larger than the common barks, which he sent to Britain to bring corn from thence. When this corn arrived, he sent it up the Rhine in boats, and furnished the inhabitants of those towns and countries which had been plundered by the enemy,

with a sufficient quantity to support them during the winter, to sow their lands in the spring, and to maintain them till next harvest, p. 314.—*(Henry's England).*

NOTE 98.—WOOL.—The most civilized of the Britons previous to the invasion of the Romans were acquainted with the use of woollen cloth of different textures; of coarse felt, of dying their garments in many colours, of linen, of bleaching, of soap.

In very ancient times the Britons of the Scilly islands to which the Phœnicians traded, were clothed; and Cæsar writes that the people in the interior of the country were clothed in skins; but the people of the southern parts of Britain were well acquainted with the arts of dressing, spinning, and weaving both flax and wool, when they were invaded by the Romans, (p. 316). One of the several kinds of cloth which was manufactured by the Belgæ, and their tribes established in this island was made of a coarse, harsh kind of wool. It was woven very thick, which rendered it remarkably warm. Of this they made their mantles or plaids, which they used in winter. The Romans themselves, when they were in cold northern countries, wore this cloth on account of its warmness. Another kind of cloth which the Gauls and Britons manufactured was made of fine wool dyed several different colours. This being spun into yarn, was woven checquerwise, which made it fall into small squares, some of one colour and some of another. This seems to have been the same kind of cloth which is still made and used by some of the common people in the highlands of Scotland and is known by the name of tartan, (p. 326).

The art of making, and the custom of wearing linen, were probably brought into this island by the Belgic colonies, at the same time with agriculture, and kept pace with the most useful of all arts, in its progress northwards. For as there is direct evidence that the Belgæ manufactured linen, as well as cultivated their lands on the continent, we have good reason to conclude that they continued to do the same after they settled in this island, (p. 328).

The manner in which the ancient Gauls and Britons bleached

bleached their linen cloth was simple and imperfect as it is described by Pliny. The Gauls and Britons also used soap made of the tallow, or fat of animals and the ashes of certain vegetables for the cleansing of the linen, p. 329.—*(Henry's England,* vol. i.)

NOTE 99.—Besides the lead and tin, which were the principal articles of traffic between the ancient Britons and the Phœnicians and Greeks, the iron, brass, and copper which our ancestors manufactured before and after the Roman invasion; and the silver, gold, and jet and fine pearls, which Strabo reckons among the exports, Britain also produced and exported lime, chalk, and marle, as Dr. Henry says; he continues: "that chalk and marle abound in many parts of this island is well known, and that they were used as manures by the ancient British husbandmen hath been already proved. By an inscription which was found, with many others, near Domburg, in Zealand, it appears that chalk was exported from Britain to the continent in very ancient times; and that this trade was carried on by a class of men who were called British chalk-merchants, who seem to have had a particular veneration for the Goddess Nehalennia."—(p. 388, ibid.)

In those British states which were frequented by foreign merchants, and where commerce was carried on, there would be occasion for another class of penal laws, to protect the goods of the adventurous merchant and mariner from being seized or stolen, especially in case of shipwreck, when they are most exposed to such injuries; and it will be made to appear that foreign merchants enjoyed very great security for themselves and their effects in this island, in the ancient British times. —(217.)

The exportations of the ancient Britons were chiefly in tin, lead, and skins, both of wild and tame animals. Under this article was probably comprehended the wool of the British sheep, which hath been so excellent in all ages, and would be of great use to the Phœnicians (the principal traders) in their woollen manufactures—(377.)

The intercourse of the southern islanders of Britain with foreign traders could not have been at one time

inconsiderable, for Diodorus Siculus says:—"These Britons who dwell near the promontory of Belerium (the Land's End), live in a very hospitable and polite manner, which is owing to their great intercourse with foreign merchants."—(*Henry's England*, vol. i. p. 381.)

As Britain, according to the testimony of Cæsar, very much abounded in cattle of all kinds, we may be certain that they furnished the merchants of these times with several articles for exportation. The hides of horned cattle, and the skins and fleeces of sheep, were exported from this island by the merchants, as they had been long before by the Phœnicians and Greeks.—(389.)

The British horses were so beautiful, and so admirably trained, that they were much admired by the Romans, and exported for the saddles of their great men, and for mounting their cavalry. It is also probable that oxen were exported for the yoke, and their carcases for provisions for the Roman fleets and armies.

The British dogs, too, constituted no inconsiderable article in the exports soon after the Roman invasion. These dogs seem to have been of three kinds, and designed for three different purposes. Some of them were very large, strong, and fierce, and were used by the Gauls and some other nations, in war; others were the same with our present mastiffs, or bull-dogs, and were purchased by the Romans for baiting bulls in the amphitheatres; but the greatest numbers, and those which bore the highest price, were designed for hunting, and excelled all others, both in swiftness and the exquisiteness of their scent.—(*Henry's England*, p. 390.)

NOTE 100.]—Speed, in order to set forth the beauty and fertility of England, thus translates the address of the Roman orators to Constantius:—

"O, happy Britaine, and more fortunate than all other lands beside, which first didst see Constantine Emperor. For good cause hath Nature endowed thee with all blessings both of aire and soile; wherein there is neither excessive cold of winter nor extreme heat of summer; wherein there is so great abundance of graine that it sufficeth both for bread and drinke. There the forrests

forrests are free from savage beasts, and the ground voyd of noysome serpents; in whose stead an infinite multitude of tame cattle there are, laden with fleeces to the ground. And verily, (that which, for the use of our lives we most esteeme) the daies are therein very long, and the nights never without some light, for that those utmost plaines by the sea-side cast and raise no shadows on high; and the aspect both of sky and starres passeth beyond the bound of the night; yea, the very sunne itselfe, which unto us seemeth for to set, appeareth there only to pass by a little, and goe aside."—(p. 3)

And Constantius, the father of Constantine the Great, is elsewhere thus addressed, says Speed,

"Though Britaine be but a single name, yet surely the State's losses have been manifold in forgoing a land so plentifull in fruit and grain, so rich in pasturage, so full of mines and veins of metall, so gainfull in tributes and revenues, so accommodated with many havens, and for circuit so large and spacious."—(*Speed's History*, p. 3.)

NOTE 101.]—The ancient Britons were remarkable for the largeness of their bodies and tallness of their stature. "The Britons," (says Strabo), "exceed the Gauls in stature; of which I had ocular demonstration; for I saw some young Britons at Rome, who were half a foot taller than the tallest men."—(*Henry's England*, p. 435.)

They were no less remarkable for the great strength than for the great bulk of their bodies. The ancient Britons were likewise very swift of foot, and excelled in running, swimming, wrestling, climbing, and all kinds of bodily exercises in which either strength or swiftness were required. They were also very patient of pain, toil, and hardships of various kinds. The British ladies greatly excelled in fairness, and in the whiteness and softness of their persons.—(p. 436.)

Nature seems to have been no less liberal to the Celtic nations, and in particular to the Gauls and Britons, in the natural powers and faculties of their minds, than in the formation of their bodies. The Gauls are represented, by all the ancient authors who speak of them,

as an acute and ingenious people, very capable of acquiring any art or science to which they applied. But the Britons were declared, by one who was well acquainted with both nations, to be still more acute than the Gauls, and to have had a happier genius for the acquisition of the sciences. And truly, the imaginations of a people who delighted so much in poetry as the ancient Britons, and who courted the muses with so much ardour, and (if we may judge from their few remains) with so much success, must have been very warm and lively.—(p. 438.)

The boldness and intrepidity of the ancient Gauls and Britons was so great, that they despised even death itself in its most frightful forms.—*(Henry's England*, p. 440)

The ancient Britons were no less remarkable than the other Celtic nations for their love of liberty and abhorrence of slavery, and for the bravery which they exerted in preserving the one, and defending themselves from the other. They submitted with pleasure to the government of their own princes, which was mild and legal; but they were struck with horror at the thought of being reduced to servitude. The character which Tacitus gives of them is very honourable—"The Britons are a people who pay their taxes and obey the laws with pleasure, provided no arbitrary illegal demands are made upon them; but these they cannot bear without the greatest impatience; for they are only reduced to the state of subjects, not of slaves."—(*Ibid.* 443.)

Hospitality and kindness to strangers was another of the most shining virtues of the ancient Britons, and of all the Celtic nations. As soon as they beheld the face of a stranger, all their haughtiness and ferocity were laid aside; they felt the sincerest joy at his arrival, accosted him with the most friendly greetings, and gave him the warmest invitations to enter their doors, which flew open for his reception. It was even long esteemed infamous, by the ancient Britons, for a chieftain to shut the door of his house at all, lest (as the bards expressed it) the strangers should come and behold his contracted soul. As soon as a stranger accepted the friendly invitation, and entered the hospitable door, water was presented

sented to him to wash his feet; and if he received and used it, and at the same time delivered his arms to the master of the house, it was understood as an intimation that he designed to favour him with his company for some time, at least one night. This diffused joy over the whole mansion, the music of the harp arose, and an entertainment was immediately prepared and served up, as sumptuous and abundant as the entertainer could afford. After the entertainment was finished, the host might, without any breach of the laws of hospitality, enter into a familiar conversation with his guest, ask his name, from whence he came, whither he was going, and such-like questions.—(444.)

As the houses of the ancient Britons consisted of but one large circular room, or hall, with a fire in the middle, around which the whole family and visitants, men, women, and children, slept on the floor, in one continued bed of straw or rushes, it was conjectured by Cæsar and other strangers, that the Britons were not influenced by any notion of conjugal fidelity; but Dr. Henry has clearly proved the contrary; and principally upon the ground of the exceeding remarkable chastity of the ancient Germans, who lived in exactly the same crowded manner; and the conjugal fidelity of the descendants of the Britons, both in Wales and the highlands of Scotland, who continued for ages to live in the same promiscuous manner, without suffering in the least in a moral point. "The truth is," (says Dr. Henry, page 447) "the laws of matrimony appear to have been held as sacred, and the violations of them as odious among the ancient Britons as among the Germans. The universal indignation of the Brigantes against their Queen Cartismandua, on account of her gallantries, is a sufficient proof of this."

For a considerable time the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations had no other garments but their plaids or mantles; which being neither very long nor very broad, left their legs, arms, and some other parts of their body naked; as this defect in their dress could not but be sensibly felt, it was by degrees supplied. It is, indeed, uncertain, whether the tunick or doublet, for

for covering more closely the trunk of the body, or breeches and hose, for covering the thighs and legs, were first invented and used by these nations; but it is abundantly evident that the ancient Gauls, Britons, and other Celtic nations, wore a garment which covered both their thighs and legs, and very much resembled our breeches and stockings united.—(472.)

What Tacitus says of the difference between the dress of the men and women among the ancient Germans may, probably, be applied to the Britons of this period. "The women make more use of linen in their dress than the men; and the sleeves of their tunicks do not reach to their wrists, but leave their arms bare, as is also some part of their bosoms." The following account is given by Dio, of the dress of the famous British heroine Boadicea—"She wore a tunick of various colours, long and plaited, over which she had a large and thick mantle. This was her common dress, which she wore at all times."—(474.)

The ancient Britons, and all other Celtic nations, were extremely proud of the length and beauty of their hair, and were at much pains in dressing and adorning their heads.—(*Henry's England*, p. 476.)

NOTE 102.]—At the time that Cæsar, and after him the Emperors, laid claim to Britain, the Roman empire was extended to the finest parts of the known world. The policy of the Romans is well understood: when they subdued a people they immediately naturalized them. Colonies from Rome were established, and marriages with the natives encouraged. Thus, in a few years, the people of distinct countries became blended under one designation, and looked on Rome as the common parent.

NOTE 103.]—Rapin says, (p. 12,) "That the Britons were not considered a conquered nation in the days of Horace and Tibullus, and that the fame acquired by Cæsar in his two expeditions to Britain, came far short of the idea he would give of it in his commentaries." and in p. 13—"After Julius Cæsar's second invasion, to which some very improperly give the name of conquest,

quest, the Britons preserved their liberty above ninety years, during the reigns of the four first Emperors."—(*Rapin's England*, p. 13.)

General lesser arts among the Britons.—In the lesser arts the Britons must also have had knowledge before the Roman invasion. Wood and metals required artificers, and we shall prove that such there were. Wherever they built houses of wood that were tolerably substantial and convenient, they must have understood how to cut beams to a certain length, to square and smooth them, to frame and join them together, so as to form the walls and support the roofs. This last operation was the more difficult, and required the greater art, as these roofs were made in a conical form, with an aperture at the top. These Britons, who practised agriculture, must have known how to make ploughs, harrows, and other implements of husbandry; and those who manufactured linen and woollen cloth must have had the art of making distaffs, spindles, looms, shuttles, and other instruments. There is one circumstance which is truly surprising, and would incline us to believe that the ancient Britons, even in the most northern parts of this island, had made much greater progress in the carpenter's and joiner's arts than could have been expected from a people in their condition in other respects; this circumstance is their war chariots. Many of the Roman and Greek authors speak with admiration of the prodigious number and neat elegance of the British chariots, as well as of the wonderful dexterity of the Britons in managing them. —(331.)—These writers, of unquestionable credit, mention no less than six different kinds of *wheel carriage*, or charriot, among the Britons; and these either for pleasure or for war, of various forms, and of elegant workmanship.—(*Henry's England*, p. 339.)

Colours, standards, and military ensigns of various kinds, to distinguish the different corps in an army, and to animate them with courage in defence of their insignia, appear to have been of great antiquity in all countries, and were not unknown to the ancient Britons. Instruments of martial music, for rousing the courage of the combatants, calling them to arms, sounding the charge

charge and the retreat, were also of great antiquity in this island.— (*Henry's England*, p. 343.)

Working of metal —It is abundantly evident that our British ancestors had either discovered or had been taught the use and the art of working several metals, as tin, lead, brass, and iron, before they were invaded by the Romans. Tin was, probably, the first metal that was known to the ancient Britons. This much at least is certain, that the people of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands understood the arts of refining and working this valuable metal several centuries before the Roman invasion. Their progress in digging and refining tin, is thus briefly described by Diodorus Siculus. "The Britons, who dwell near the Promontory Belcrium (Land's End), are very hospitable; and, by their great intercourse with foreign merchants, much more civilized in their way of living than the other Britons. They dig tin ore out of their mines, and prepare it with great dexterity and art."

Lead was another metal with which the ancient Britons were very early acquainted, as is evident from its having been one of the commodities which the Phœnicians exported from Cornwall and the Scilly Isles.—(332.)

Utensils.—Brass, or rather copper, was known to and used by some of the people of Britain in very ancient times; and they were probably made acquainted with it first by the Phœnicians, who gave them brass in exchange for their lead and tin. But from whatever quarter they received their brass, it is certain they made much use of it, and understood the art of working it into various shapes; this is evident from the prodigious number of instruments of different sizes and kinds, as axes, swords, spear-heads, arrow-heads, &c. made of copper, and known among antiquaries by the general name of celts, which have been found in Britain. Even the Mæatæ and Caledonians were not strangers to the art of working brass; for we are told by Dio Nicœus, that they had a round ball of brass, like an apple, at the end of their spears, with which they made a great noise, and endeavoured to fright their enemies horse.

It

It is certain, that the Britons had both silver and gold, and understood the art of working them, before they were subdued by the Romans under Claudius. This is evident from the testimony of Tacitus, who tells us, "Britain produceth silver, gold, and other metals, to reward its conquerors," and from the great number of gold chains that were taken from Caractacus, and carried in a kind of triumph into Rome. The arts of discovering, refining, and working these precious metals, had probably been brought into this island from Gaul, where they had long flourished.—(p. 334.)

Earthenware.—The people of Britain were furnished with earthen vessels by the Phœnicians, in very ancient times; and they no doubt soon learned to make others in imitation of them, for their own use. Many urns of earthenware, supposed to have been the workmanship of the ancient Britons, have been found in barrows in different parts of Britain.—(p. 335).

Coins.—Between the first and second invasion of the Romans, the Britons began to form their metal into coins. These coins were at first made, with the figures of a human head on one side, of an useful animal, as a horse or sheep, on the other. By degrees the reigning princes caused their own likenesses to be stamped on one side, encircled by their names, or a date, which was an improvement, and is thereby a great help to history.—(403.) We have no fewer than forty coins of Cunobeline alone, in gold, silver, and copper, which are all of different dies or stamps; this is a proof that this prince had forty coinages at least, which must have produced a considerable quantity of coin; to say nothing of what was coined by other British princes in that period.—(411.)

Ships.—The first British ships are represented as very slight and rude, but in time, some of the Britons, who inhabited the sea-coasts opposite to Gaul, began to build small vessels, and to export their own tin, lead, skins, and other commodities to the continent. It is impossible to discover with certainty and precision when this happened, though it is most probable, on several accounts,

accounts, that it was at least a century before the first Roman invasion.—(421.)

We have sufficient reason to conclude, in general, that the number of British merchant ships in the Roman times was very considerable. When the city of London, in the reign of Nero, A.D. 61, had become a great city, abounding in merchants and merchandize, it certainly abounded also in shipping: and when, A.D. 359, no fewer than eight hundred ships were employed in the exportation of corn, the whole number employed in the British trade must have been very great.—(*Henry's England, vol.* 1. *p.* 424.)

War.—All the young men among the ancient Britons, and all the other Celtic nations (the Druids only excepted) were trained to the use of arms from their early youth, continued in the exercise of them to their old age, and were always ready to appear when they were called by their leaders to actual service. Their very diversions and amusements were of a martial and manly cast, and contributed greatly to increase their agility, strength, and courage. They had even academies, in which their young noblemen were instructed in the use, and accustomed to the exercise, of arms. By these and the like means, the ancient British States, though neither large nor populous, were enabled to bring prodigious multitudes of warriors into the field, all expert in the use of their arms, and conducted by brave and able leaders. The troops which composed the armies of the ancient Britons were of three kinds: infantry, cavalry, and those who fought from chariots. —(*Henry's England,* 337.)

Dancing.—The Germans, and probably the Gauls and Britons, had a kind of martial dance, which was exhibited at every entertainment. In one word, feasting, accompanied with songs, music, and dancing, seems to have been the chief, if not the only domestic amusement of the ancient Britons.

Hunting was a favourite diversion of the ancient Britons, especially of those who were unacquainted with agriculture.—(487)

Sports.—When the British youth were neither engaged in war nor hunting, they did not (like the less active

active and lively Germans) spend their time in sleep or indolence, but in swimming, leaping, running, wrestling, throwing the stone, darting the lance, riding the chariot, and such exercise as fitted them for the field and for the chace. It is not to be imagined, that the Britons could have arrived at that wonderful dexterity in managing their horses, and driving their chariots, described by Cæsar, without having been almost constantly engaged in these exercises from their youth.—(*Henry's England, p.* 489.)

NOTE 104.]—Rapin's translator, in the Notes, gives us this observation upon the Angles, who joined the Saxons when they settled in Britain: "Bede has directed us to look for the country of the Angles between the Saxons and Jutes. (Wites or Goths.) "The Angles (says he) come out of that country, which is called Angulus, and is said from that time to lie waste, between the countries of the Jutes and Saxons." Seeing between Jutland and Holsatia, the antient seat of the Saxons, there is a small province in the kingdom of Denmark, under the city of Flemsburg, called at this day Angle, which Lindebergius in his epistles terms Little England, "I am pretty well assured," says Camden, "that I have found the ancient seat of our forefathers; and that from this very place the Angles came into our island." (p. 27.)

NOTE 105.)—Arthur, a renowned British prince, whose actions were so famous that they have been seized by different writers, to form the base of chivalrous fictions. From this circumstance and the true time of the hero's life being enveloped in so much of the marvellous and improbable, some grave persons have been induced to give up the whole and even to deny his existence. Dr. Whitaker has however examined the character and pretensions of this prince with such learning, ingenuity, and truth, that had the Great Arthur no other modern historian to draw forth old authorities, to register remarkable coincidences between tradition, and fact; to sift the reality from romance, and to arrange the sum and substance in the dignity and truth of history, we might henceforward banish every idea of doubt upon the subject.

This

This renowned warrior fought twelve battles, which the historian of Manchester severally points out. His character is thus drawn by the same able writer.

"Arthur possessed all the personal gallantry of his predecessor Ambrosius, yet had none of that headlong fire which seems so strongly to have marked the military genius of Ambrosius. And all his great talents were requisite to retrieve the British affairs. He appears to have been enterprising but cool, judicious but resolute, circumspect, alert, and vigorous. He laid his measures with the greatest prudence, and he executed them with the greatest spirit. He never attacked an enemy but he defeated him. He never engaged in battle but he obtained a victory."—(*Whitaker's Hist. Manchr.* vol. ii. p. 56).

NOTE 106.]—The Britons being unable to defend themselves against the Saxons, supported by their countrymen already settled in the island, took the only course left them, and retired into Cambria beyond the Severn.

Cambria not being sufficient to contain so many families, multitudes of Britons fled into Armorica, where great numbers of their countrymen were already settled. Those that remained in Cambria, a country defended by nature, kept their ground against all the power of their conquerors, who could not till long after extend their conquests beyond the mountains. This little corner of the island, where the Britons were cooped up, was afterwards divided into several petty kingdoms; but at length in the reign of the first Edward, the king's eldest son, who was born among them, took the title of Prince of Wales, and the country has ever since been faithful in its allegiance to England.—(*See Rapin*, p. 41.)

NOTE 107.—ALFRED.—Before the reign of this great prince, there were many kings who took the title, yet there was none who could with propriety be called monarch of the English nation. For notwithstanding there was always, after the time of Egbert, a prince who held a kind of pre-eminence over the rest; yet had he no direct dominion over their subjects, as in the latter part of his reign Alfred had; neither was this great power attained

attained by the sword, or through his ambition of ruling, but rather through the fame of his wisdom and mildness. Of the laws he made there remain but few, that we have assurance are truly his, yet are we well informed, that to his constitution we owe many of those advantages which render our constitution dear to us; for instance, trials by juries. He divided the kingdom into shires, according to some, but it is certain that he settled those boundaries and lesser distinctions that remain at this day. In consequence of this, he framed a book, called the book of Winchester, which contained a survey of the kingdom; and of which the Doomes-day Book still preserved in the Exchequer is no more than the second edition. He, likewise, made use of this division for the proper distribution of justice, and before his death he brought all things into such order, as that never any kingdom was better governed, and so effectually tamed the covetous spirit that induces one man to take from another, that money or jewels might be left on the public roads, and no passenger attempt to touch it. In the management of affairs of state, he after the custom of his ancestors, the kings of the West Saxons, made use of the great council of the kingdom, consisting of bishops, earls, the king's aldermen, and his chief thanes or barons. In respect to military concerns, let it be observed, that though this nation could never boast of a greater soldier than he, since he fought fifty-six battles by sea and land, and of these eight in one year; yet he was so far from being of a cruel, blood-thirsty or ambitious temper, that he never willingly made war on any, or refused to grant peace whenever it was desired. His troops he rendered by degrees invincible, through just and regular discipline, and appointed such methods of raising, recruiting, and distributing them in winter quarters, that his subjects and his militia were synonimous terms, every man who could bear arms being a soldier, and no man serving but in his turn, and according to law. His coasts he secured by guard-ships, making his navy his peculiar care. His frontiers were covered by castles well fortified; add to all this, that his instructions and example raised numbers of able officers,

officers, whose abilities the king constantly cherished by proportionable rewards. In respect to other affairs Alfred was no less knowing and industrious, as appears by his repairing the cities throughout his dominions demolished by the Danes, erecting new ones, and adorning and embellishing such as were in a mean and low condition. He restored and settled the university of Oxford, endowed it with revenues, and sought out and placed there the famous professors in several sciences.

This illustrious prince was in his private life the most worthy, the most industrious and the most amiable man in his dominions, of so equal a temper, that after he had once taken the crown, he never suffered either sadness, or unbecoming gaiety, to enter his mind; but appeared always of a calm, yet cheerful disposition, familiar to his friends, just, even to his enemies, kind and tender to all. Taking all his qualifications together, remembering the many virtues he had, and considering that he had few or no vices, we need not wonder, that he died universally lamented by his subjects, as he lived admired and applauded both by them and by foreigners. This happened after a glorious reign of upwards of twenty-eight years on the twenty-eighth of October, A.D. 900.—(*Biographia Britannica, Alfred.*)

A FEW PARTICULARS RELATING TO THE ANGLO-SAXONS BETWEEN THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE NORMAN CONQUEST, A D. 1066.

LEARNING.—As the youth in those parts of England which had embraced the Christian religion, began to apply to learning with some eagerness in the seventh century, several schools were then established for their instruction. One of the most illustrious of those schools was that of Canterbury, founded by Augustin, the apostle of the English and his companions, and greatly improved by Archbishop Theodore. In this school a library was also founded, and enriched from time to time with many valuable books, brought from Rome by Augustin, Theodore and others.—(*Henry's England*, p. 322).

p. 322.) Several monasteries were founded in different parts of England in the course of the same century; and in each of these a school was opened for the education of youth, so that as Bede, the great luminary of England and the Christian world, observes, "these were happy and enlightened times, in comparison of those which had preceded them; for none wanted teachers who were willing to be instructed." (p. 323.)

Egbert, who was brother to Eadbert, King of Northumberland, founded a noble library at York for the advancement of learning. Alcuinus, who was his pupil, and the keeper of this library, speaks of it in several of his letters, as one of the most choice and valuable collections of books then in the world. "O that I had," says he, in a letter to the Emperor Charlemagne, "the use of those admirable books on all parts of learning which I enjoyed in my native country, collected by the industry of my beloved master Egbert. May it please your imperial majesty, in your great wisdom, to permit me to send some of our youth to transcribe the most valuable books in that library, and thereby transplant the flowers of Britain into France."—(*Henry's England*, p. 333.)

That learning was esteemed a fashionable accomplishment in the Saxon times even in ladies of the highest rank, we may learn from several particulars mentioned relating to the ladies; but Dr. Henry to prove this decisively, brings a speech of Ingulphus, who says, that when he was a boy at Westminster school, and used to visit his father, who lived in the court of Edward the Confessor, he was often examined both on the Latin language and on logic by the beautiful and virtuous Queen Edgitha, who excelled in both these branches of literature.—(*Hen. Eng.* vol. ii, p. 367.)

PAINTING.—In the seventh century the churches were not only adorned with many single portraits, but also with a considerable collection of historical paintings. Some of these, it is true, were imported from Rome, but as the inconveniency was soon felt of bringing pictures from foreign countries, such of the English as had a taste for painting, applied to that art, in order to furnish their own churches with these admired ornaments. The famous St. Dunstan, who seems to have been

been an universal genius, was esteemed an excellent painter by his contemporaries.—(*Henry's Engl.* p. 423.)

Even history paintings, representing the principal actions of the lives of great princes and generals, do not seem to have been very uncommon in England in this period. Edelfleda, widow of the famous Brithnod, Duke of Northumberland, in the tenth century, presented to the church of Ely, "a curtain which had the history of the great actions of her deceased lord painted upon it, to preserve the memory of his great valour, and other virtues." (p. 424.)

The art of colouring and painting glass were probably now known and practised in England in the ages we are considering, as the use of glass was certainly established.

Poetry and Music.—But of all the pleasing arts, poetry was most admired and cultivated in the Saxon times. To many of the poems written in this period are the historians indebted for parts of their writings; and one of the heroic songs composed on the great victory Athelstan obtained over the Scots and Danes, A D. 938, is inserted *verbatim* in the Saxon chronicle, and literally translated by Henry of Huntingdon.

Never were poetry and poets so much admired and honoured as in the above-mentioned period. The greatest Princes were no less ambitious of the laurel, than of the royal crown. Alfred the Great was the Prince of Poets. Adhelm, who was a Prince of the royal family of Wessex, and Bishop of Shereburn, was also the best poet of his age; and his poems were the delight and admiration of the English several centuries after his death. Canute the Great, was also a famous poet. Poets were the chosen friends and favourites of the greatest kings; they seated them at their tables, advanced them to honours, loaded them with riches, and were so much delighted with their sweet and lofty strains, that they could deny them nothing.—(*Henry's England*, p. 427.)

Though the Saxon, Danish, and other Northern scalds,* had no fewer than one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of verse, without including rhyme, there is the clearest evidence that they were not unacquainted with this last species of versification. To say nothing of their introducing rhyme into their Latin poetry,

* Danish name for poet.

poetry, there are not a few of their poems in their own language still extant, which are most exactly rhymed, and some of them have even double rhymes, (p. 436, *Henry's England*).

Music was as much admired and cultivated as poetry by all the people who inhabited England in this period. These two pleasing arts were inseparable and universal. The halls of all the Kings, Princes, and Nobles of Britain, rung with the united melody of the poet's voice, and the musician's harp; while every mountain, hill, and dale, was vocal. The poet and the musician was, indeed, most commonly the same person; who, blessed at once with a poetical genius, a tuneful voice, and skilful hand, sung and played the songs which he had composed. Alfred the Great, who united every pleasing to every great accomplishment, excelled as much in music as he did in war; and ravished his enemies with his harp, before he subdued them with his sword, (p. 438).

Though the harp was the most common, it was far from being the only musical instrument that was used by the Saxons, Danes, Welsh, and other inhabitants of this island, in this period. They had indeed a great variety, both of wind and stringed instruments, which are occasionally mentioned by the writers of those times, some of which are now unknown. Bede in his treatise upon music, says, "artificial instruments are the organ, the violin, the harp, the atola, the psaltery, &c." The same venerable author in other parts of his treatise mentions the trumpet, the tabor, the pipe, and the flute. And in writers of the middle ages, we read of the lute, the cymbal, the citola, the lyre, the sistrum, and the campanula, (p, 441.)

Organs were used in churches in the seventh and beginning of the eighth century: the famous St. Dunstan made a present of an organ with brass pipes, to the Abbey Church of Malmsbury: and the famous Ailwyn, alderman of all England, expended as much as nine hundred pounds of our money in building an organ with brass pipes, in the Abbey Church of Ramsay, p. 442.

Foreign Commerce.—In the reign of Alfred, that great prince sent an ambassador to India, who brought back with him magnificent jewels and other riches of the east. And, Dr. Henry adds, "Asserius, the friend of Alfred, and historian, tells us, that one morning after Alfred had made him a grant of two abbeys, with all their furniture, he gave him a present of a fine silk cloak, and of as much frankincense as a strong man could carry; this is a sufficient proof, that Alfred was possessed of considerable quantities of the most precious productions of the east, the happy effects of a flourishing trade," (p. 470.)

In 1008 the royal navy of England consisted of eight hundred ships (p. 475, *Henry's England*).

The foreign trade of England was so extensive, even at this remote period, as to furnish such of her inhabitants as could afford to pay for them with a share of all the commodities that were then known in any part of Europe (p. 483).

Churches of Stone.—It has been conjectured that the Saxons had no buildings of stone in England before the conquest, but there is abundant proof to the contrary. In Dr. Henry, we see quoted several passages which establish this fact. Paulinus, the first Bishop of York, built a church of stone in the city of Lincoln, whose walls (says Bede) are still standing, though the roof is fallen down.

Naitan, King of the Picts, in his famous letter to the Abbot of Weremouth, A.D. 710, desires masons to be sent him that he too may build a church of stone in his dominions And we read that English masons were accordingly sent, (p. 391, *Ibid*).

The Cathedral of Hexham was so magnificent an edifice, constructed of the finest polished stones, that it excelled in beauty any church on this side of the Alps.

Benedict Biscop founded a magnificent stone monastery, A.D. 675, and he not only made six journeys to Rome to procure for it books, pictures, and statues, but when the work was far advanced, sent agents into France to procure some glass makers, and bring them over to glaze the windows of his church

church and monastery. These agents were successful, and brought several glass-makers with them; who not only performed the work required by Benedict, but instructed the English in the art of making glass for windows, lamps, drinking vessels, and other uses, (p. 393).

Thus were the arts of building edifices of stone with windows of glass and other ornaments, introduced in the latter end of the seventh century.

MECHANICS.—Dunstan was a perfect master in philosophy, divinity, music, painting, writing, sculpture, working in gold, silver, brass, and iron, &c. At leisure hours he used to entertain King Athelstan and his courtiers, with playing on his harp, or some other musical instrument, (p. 190).

There were in the Saxon period in England *artificers* of various kinds, *carpenters* of great excellence, who made different kinds of furniture, arms, and tools, in wood; *plumbers* who must have well understood their business, as all the churches that were built of stone, were covered with lead; *smiths*, of whom one always attended the person of a military officer to keep his arms and armour in order; *workers in gold*, silver, and jewels, in which all the clergy were very expert; *polishers* and *setters* of precious stones; *gold* and *silver gilders* of wood and metals; *thread makers* of gold and silver for embroidery; *colourers* of ivory, wood, and parchment; *embroiderers* of various figures in gold and silver thread, before or after the cloth was woven; *dyers* in all colours, but especially of scarlet from an insect of the cochineal kind; *furriers* who dressed the skins, without taking off the hair or wool; and *weavers*, professed by British artificers, who made woollen cloth for the use of all the different ranks of society; (p. 400, 408, *of Henry's England*).

Of rich metals there were produced table services in silver and gold, for the use of the great; and the churches, coronets, bracelets, and other utensils—some of these were used before the reign of Alfred, for the famous Bishop Wilfrid, who flourished two

centuries before Alfred the Great, is said to have incurred much envy by his magnificence, and particularly by his great quantities of silver-plate. Queen Elgiva, the wife of King Ethelred, presented a chalice and patten of fine gold, weighing thirteen marks, about two pounds and a half, to the church at Canterbury; and his second wife, Queen Emma, gave many ornaments of gold and silver to the church of Winchester. But besides the quantity of gold and silver-plate, of which every convent and cathedral had a considerable quantity, many private persons possessed these precious metals in shape of ornaments and trinkets—such as coronets, chains, bracelets, half-circles for dressing the hair upon, collars, cups, &c. as appears from their testaments, which are still preserved.

The Anglo-Saxon ladies were so famous for their skill in needle-work and embroidering with gold, that those elegant manufactures were called Anglicum opum (English work). The four princesses, daughters of King Edward the Elder, and sisters of King Athelstan, are highly celebrated by historians for their assiduity and skill in spinning, weaving, and needle-work; which was so far from spoiling the fortunes of these royal spinsters, that it procured them the addresses of the greatest Princes then in Europe. Queen Matilda, wife to William, Duke of Normandy, about the end of this period, is supposed to have directed a piece of needle-work of sixty-seven yards in length, containing many hundred figures of horses, beasts, birds, churches, &c. of which the greatest part (if not the whole) was performed by English women.—(*Henry's England*, p. 407).

Dogs.—Dogs of sport of all kinds were also the favourites and constant companions of the great in this period, and a prodigious number of laws were made to prevent their being killed or stolen, (p. 600).

Horses.—English horses, which were universally admired, made another valuable article of exports in this period; but the following law of King Athelstan, probably gave some check to that branch of trade. "No man

man shall export any horses beyond seas, except such as he designs to give in presents." (P. 481.)

Horse-racing was one of the diversions of this period; among the presents made to King Athelstan, ambassador from Hugh, King of France, when he demanded the English Princess for his master, we are told, "there were several running horses with their saddles, and bits of yellow gold in their mouths." A proof that such horses were admired and used in England at that time, (p. 598, *Henry's England.*)

NOTE 108.]—EDGAR ATHELING.—This much injured and unfortunate Prince was the son of Edward, the son of Edmond Ironside, King of England, by Agatha, daughter to Solomon, King of Hungary, or rather of the Emperor Henry II. In what year he was born is not certain; but he was very young in 1057, when his father and family were recalled into their native country by their kinsman, Edward the Confessor, then King thereof His father died soon after his return, before the King had time to give him any essential marks of that kindness, which he professed to him. Edgar was carefully bred up by him, who was his great uncle, and was undoubtedly intended for his successor, as the best authors assure us, and as his title, Atheling, or Most Noble, implies;—but, on King Edward's death, Edgar was deprived of his right, because of his youth, his being born abroad, and his having too little experience, for a crowned head in such troublesome times. Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, chiefly through the intrigues of the clergy was preferred before him, for which they are severely censured by some writers. This happened in the beginning of A.D. 1066. Harold, however, treated him with great respect, as long as he lived; after whose death and defeat in the fatal battle of Hastings, the nobles and people, in general, looked upon Edgar as King, and even acknowledged him as such. But, William Duke of Normandy, awing them with his victorious army, was owned and crowned monarch of England, at Westminster, in the same year. In 1067, Edgar, attended by many of the

prime nobility, retired first into Northumberland, afterwards into Scotland. The persons who adhered to him, had so considerable an interest both at home and abroad, that they quickly drew together a numerous army, and therewith began to bid fair for unsettling the new establishment. In 1069, a great succour came to these malcontents from Denmark, and more English Lords reconciling themselves to Edgar, he made head against the Normans, and after several successive engagements, made himself master of the City of York, and wintered between the Ouse and Trent, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Duke of Normandy. In 1070, he was less fortunate. William found means by money and promises, to draw off the Danes and some of the Lords of his party, and in the end, obliged him to retire again into Scotland. Malcolm, King of that country, married this year his sister Margaret, so excellent a woman, that in her life-time she was styled the Good, and after her decease was regarded as a Saint. This marriage enabled Edgar to make new attempts, in which he had mostly the better, the King of Scots openly assisting him, notwithstanding King William had demanded him, and threatened to invade Scotland in case of refusal. Some domestic troubles hindered that Prince from performing his threat for two years. In 1072, however, King William entered Scotland with an army, but with indifferent success. Upon this, he readily made peace with Malcolm, and regulated, according to ancient treaties, the bounds of their respective dominions. In this peace, the Scots historians say Edgar Atheling was included, and, on his submission, received into King William's favour; which is very probable, since the war was on his account. In 1074, Edgar left Scotland, where he had been so kindly entertained, and where his sister was Queen. He crossed the sea into Normandy, and was kindly received by King William. After this submission our histories are silent concerning him for many years. This, however, is a plain proof, that he acted like a man of honour towards the Norman, since in that space there were many stirs, of which he might have made his advantage. In 1086,

that

that is about twelve years after his agreement with William, Edgar, conceiving himself ill-treated at court, retired from thence. This does not seem to speak of him so mean a spirit as Malmsbury (who wrote of him) would make him. Certain it is, that even now he had the hearts of the English nation; since in the old Abbey Chronicles, we meet with this prayer on the mention of his retreat: "may the Almighty give him honour," alluding to the little respect shewn him at court. But this, however, was not without the King's consent. On the contrary, Edgar obtained license to sail with a certain number of ships, and two hundred soldiers on board, to Apulia. This, therefore, was no disgraceful flight, but rather an honourable exile. In 1091, on the conclusion of a solemn treaty between the brethren, Robert and William, the latter procured Edgar Atheling's being dispossessed of the lands that had been given him, upon which he withdrew out of Normandy, and went into Scotland, to his brother-in-law, King Malcolm.

After this the lawful heir to the English throne, whose common appellation was:

Edgar Atheling
England's darling.

acted as mediator betweeen the Scots King and King William II. upon account of a quarrel in which they had engaged. He then went again into Normandy, but soon after returned to England, and was importuned by his brother-in-law, Malcolm, King of the Scots, to settle again differences according to treaty, on which William summoned him to Gloucester, and sent Edgar to conduct him. Soon after this, Malcolm with his eldest son, Edward, was slain. This unfortunate event could not but afflict Edgar exceedingly, especially when he saw his nephews deprived of their rights, the Scots setting up Donald Bane, *i. e.* Donald the White, for their King, who was brother to Malcolm. Edgar sent for his five nephews into England, and carefully brought them up; but not without some danger to himself, if we may credit the Scots historians.

rians. Two of Edgar's nephews died before they were of age; but, the third, being invited by the Scots, Edgar applied to William Rufus for a small assistance, and with his forces which increased, entered Scotland, took Donald prisoner, seated his nephew on the throne, and then came back to England. This expedition was entered upon in the winter of 1097, and concluded in the next spring. After this we meet with no account of him, till such time as with Robert the son of Godwin, a famous Knight, he undertook a journey into the Holy Land. He was with Baldwin II, King of Jerusalem, when besieged in Rome, and having in their hazardous sally, wherein they escaped thence, lost his knight, he thought of returning. This was in 1102, and, accordingly, he came back soon after into Europe, received great civilities from the Greek and German Emperors, who importuned him to remain in their courts, which he civilly refused, and continued his journey either into England or Normandy. Henry I. had now ascended the English throne, and espoused Maud, Edgar's niece; he had therefore, every reason to expect a good reception at court, which, however, he either did not find, or else, it may be, declined. For it is certain he was some time with Duke Robert, after his return from the East. He was even firm in his friendship to him, when King Henry invaded his dominions, and was taken prisoner whilst fighting in his cause at the fatal battle of Tenchebray. King Henry dealt very severely with the rest of the prisoners; but, as for Edgar, he dismissed him freely. This is the last time he is mentioned in our histories, and after his return to England, he went to pass the remainder of his days in the country, where, according to Malmsbury, he was living in 1120, when he must have been seventy or thereabouts. In what year he died appears not,—he was born during his father's exile, lost him when his life would have secured him a crown, struggled, though to no purpose, against the conqueror, was through his whole life the sport of fortune, and died full of years and in a dark obscurity. To which we add, that till now, his life

life was never written, from a supposed want of materials, and from a real want of inclination, to glean from our ancient historians, a multitude of little memorandums, concerning an injured unfortunate Prince.

These few particulars relating to Edgar Atheling are such as do him honour, and when we reflect upon the fact of their being chiefly recorded by a man prejudiced against him, who would have been glad to say of him what ill he could collect, we may fairly suppose, that this Prince cannot deserve the neglect or aspersion which has been thrown on his character by modern historians, who scarce think him worthy of mention, or else tax him with imbecility. In the note to Edgar's life in the Biographia Britannica, are drawn very different conclusions:

"We shall hereafter demonstrate Malmsbury's spite to Edgar. At present let us consider

"That he had behaved well in several battles;

"He had now and afterwards the hearts of the English nation;

"He was always courted by Foreign Princes:

"He was trusted by William II, with an army to restore his nephew to the throne of Scotland, which he performed;

"And we shall see that these actions speak him neither weak, nor mean spirited: even our author's (Malmsbury's) story, proves no more than that he despised money, from which, and his loving this country, the Monk concludes him a fool."—(*Biographia Britannica, Edgar Atheling.*)

NOTE 109.]—To add still a fresh lustre to Edward's glory, ambassadors from Germany arrived the next year with offers of the Imperial dignity. The election of Charles IV. who was now crowned at Bonn, not being agreeable to all the Electoral Princes, some were resolved to make a new choice. To that end they cast their eyes on the King of England, whom the Battle of Cressy and taking of Calais, had rendered very famous. But Edward, who was not ignorant how much the acceptance of this dignity at a like juncture, had cost Richard, brother of Henry III, was

was too wise to throw himself into the same difficulties—besides, he had need of all his forces and endeavours, to acquire the crown of France, which to him seemed a more substantial good. On these accounts, he refused the honour intended him by the German Princes, and declined taking so great a burden on him.—(*Rapin.*)

END OF VOL. II.

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